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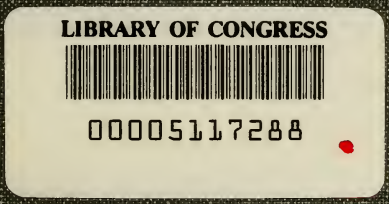

MAP SHOWING
ENGLISH POSSESSIONS
AND THE
FRENCH EXPLORATIONS AND SETTLEMENTS
IN THE WEST

THE GREAT LAKES SERIES

The Mohawk Valley and Lake Ontario

By

EDWARD PAYSON MORTON, PH.D.

CHICAGO

AINSWORTH & COMPANY

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The publishers desire to express their appreciation to Messrs. Harper & Brothers for the use of illustrations from Lossing's Field Book of the American Revolution, also to the New York Central Lines, to O. P. Barnes, and to the Cleveland Trust Co.

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INTRODUCTION

The author and the publishers of the Great Lakes Series feel that it is proper for them to set forth briefly the principles which have guided them in preparing these supplementary readers.

Though we realize that our work needs to be interesting, we do not wish it to be merely entertaining. These readers are school books and are not intended as a recreation for idle hours. Therefore we have been careful not to give too much space to stories of battles and skirmishes or to picturesque Indian legends. Because the reading lesson is too often but slightly related to the rest of the curriculum, we have tried to supplement the work in other studies by laying stress upon the more obvious relations between geography, history and commerce. Exploration and trade in America have both romantic and practical aspects, and one or the other of these is sure to appeal to wideawake children. The scenes visited in these books offer abundant material of both kinds—the chief difficulty has been to select.

In deciding upon the story form, as a convenient thread upon which to string what we wish to tell, we have tried to steer clear of two temptations. We do not intend that these stories shall be guide-books; therefore we have been sparing of mere dates and figures. Also, we do not wish to make James and Carrie a pair of precocious little prigs, escorted by a pedant. Therefore we

have tried to make the characters talk like normal human beings, in language that is simple and colloquial, and at the same time free from slang and sins of grammar—such English, in short, as may reasonably be aspired to by those who wish to express themselves simply and clearly, without affectation either of bookish precision or of slovenly carelessness.

Some knowledge of history has been assumed: for example, that the Revolutionary War was the struggle of the American colonies for independence from Great Britain. Nothing has been merely alluded to which would demand lengthy or involved explanation; but it has been thought worth while to touch upon a few matters which are not fully explained, in order to stimulate that legitimate curiosity which is a chief source of growth in knowledge.

In accordance with this notion, the Questions, it will be observed, are hardly at all a catechism on the bare text. They are intended to send the pupils to their geographies, to the school dictionary, and to the common sources of information with which they should be beginning to grow familiar. Questions which can be answered by yes or no have been avoided; they are all designed to require a reasonable amount of attention and thought about the matter in hand. The habit of observing accurately and thinking clearly can hardly be begun too soon.

A BRIGHT JUNE MORNING

"What's the matter, Uncle Jack? Did your letter bring bad news?"

"No, Carrie. I was merely trying to work out a plan of campaign. Milton writes that he will meet us at the Lafayette Hotel in Buffalo for dinner Saturday evening, and I didn't expect to get to Buffalo for ten days."

1. Fort Ticonderoga
2. Fort Howe
3. Mt. Defiance
4. Mt. Independence

"In that case, Uncle Jack," said Carrie's brother James, "it's lucky that whistle you were scolding about got us up so early. Here it is only a quarter past seven and we're already through breakfast."

"Right you are, my boy," answered Major Woods. Then, turning to his wife, he added: "Lucy, you and

Carrie pack your suitcases, while James and I see if we can get an automobile with a driver who knows the roads. You might order some lunch put up, too. That will save a little time, for we need to reach Amsterdam for dinner at half past six. I'll telegraph the Comptons we are coming."

"Goody!" cried Carrie, as she jumped up from her comfortable rocker on the piazza of the Fort William Henry Hotel at the head of Lake George, where the party had spent the night. Then, as she turned again to the wonderful clear waters of the lake with its shores and islands in all the fresh greenness of June, under a sky of a blue that seemed deeper because of the few small snowy clouds that floated slowly toward the north, she added: "Still, I hate to hurry away from this lovely scene."

After a moment, as they all stood looking out upon it, she turned to her uncle and asked:

"Uncle Jack, you remember when we were reading Parkman at Ticonderoga yesterday, that he called Lake George the 'Como of the wilderness.' You've seen Lake Como, haven't you?"

"Yes, your Aunt Lucy and I were there just about a year ago."

"Which do you think is the nicer?"

"I don't know that I could answer that positively, my dear. Both lakes have wonderfully clear water, and are right in the mountains. I think I'd like this place better if there weren't so many people here. The "wilderness" is getting too civilized for me. But it must have

been beautiful beyond words when Champlain first saw it three hundred years ago." And the Major, as he spoke, took off his panama and thoughtfully rubbed his high smooth forehead which shone above his ruddy face, with the clear, resolute gray eyes, close cropped white mustache, and firm red lips. Then, thrusting his handkerchief back into the pocket of his gray coat, he said briskly:

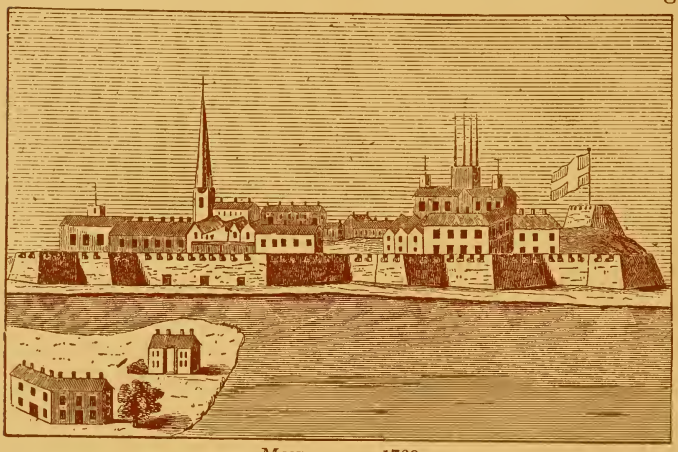
"Well, well, we must be off. Come on, James."

HOW THEY CAME TO LAKE GEORGE

While Carrie and her Aunt Lucy are packing up, and James and his uncle are finding a suitable auto and driver, let us trace their journey thus far. James Woods, just turned fifteen, and his sister Carrie, who was nearly thirteen, had been visiting their Uncle Jack at Montreal. The children had made the journey from Chicago by the most direct rail route, and without stop. Their Uncle Jack, finding them both interested in United States History, which they had been studying at school, proposed to take them back to Chicago by way of the great lakes, but instead of going up the St. Lawrence, and through the Thousand Islands, he took them up the Richelieu River to Lake Champlain and thence to the head of Lake George, where we have just made their acquaintance. This was Champlain's route on his first expedition against the Iroquois; and in their journey from Lake George across New York to Lake Ontario, they would follow the tracks of some of the characters in Cooper's 'Last of the Mohicans' and 'Pathfinder.'

On the day before, they had come from Burlington, Vermont, past Crown Point to Ticonderoga. While they

ate lunch in the lee of the ruins, Carrie, who had spent hours in her uncle's library at Montreal devouring Parkman's volumes as eagerly as if they were fiction, had read to them his account of Champlain's first battle with his allies the Hurons and Algonquins against the Iroquois. "Champlain," says Parkman, "wore the doublet and long



MONTREAL IN 1760

hose then in vogue. Over the doublet he buckled on a breastplate, and probably a back-piece, while his thighs were protected by *cuisses* of steel, and his head by a plumed casque. Across his shoulder hung the strap of his bandoleer, or ammunition-box; at his side was his sword, and in his hand his arquebuse, which he had loaded with four balls. Such was the equipment of this ancient Indian-fighter, whose exploits date eleven years before the landing of the Puritans at Plymouth, and sixty-six years before King Philip's War.

"Each of the three Frenchmen was in a separate canoe, and, as it grew light, they kept themselves hidden, either by lying at the bottom, or covering themselves with an Indian robe. The canoes approached the shore, and all landed without opposition at some distance from the Iroquois, whom they presently could see filing out of their barricade, tall, strong men, some two hundred in number, of the boldest and fiercest warriors of North America. They advanced through the forest with a steadiness which excited the admiration of Champlain. Among them could be seen several chiefs, made conspicuous by their tall plumes. Some bore shields of wood and hide, and some were covered with a kind of armor made of tough twigs interlaced with a vegetable fiber supposed by Champlain to be cotton.

"The allies, growing anxious, called with loud cries for their champion, and opened their ranks that he might pass to the front. He did so, and advancing before his red companions-in-arms, stood revealed to the astonished gaze of the Iroquois, who, beholding the warlike apparition in their path, stared in mute amazement. But his arquebuse was leveled; the report startled the woods, a chief fell dead, and another by his side rolled among the bushes. Then there rose from the allies a yell, which, says Champlain, would have drowned a thunder-clap, and the forest was full of whizzing arrows.

"For a moment the Iroquois stood firm and sent back their arrows lustily; but when another and another gunshot came from the thickets on their flank, they broke and fled in uncontrollable terror. Swifter than hounds,

the allies tore through the bushes in pursuit. Some of the Iroquois were killed; more were taken. Camp, canoes, provisions, all were abandoned, and many weapons flung down in the panic flight. The arquebuse had done its work. The victory was complete."

"My! I'd like to have been there!" exclaimed James. "Those Iroquois must have been puzzled by that gun!"

When lunch was over, our party strolled about, looking at the ruins; Major Woods pointed out to James how

Ruins of Ticonderoga

possession of the site meant control of travel up and down the lake, because supplies and artillery could be transported with comparative ease and quickness by water, but by land only with great difficulty if at all.

"Now I see," said James, "why in all the French and Indian wars there was fighting somewhere along here.

If the French wanted to get at the English they would come this way, and if the English got this far they had a good chance to attack Montreal by going on down the Richelieu."

"Yes," replied his uncle. "And do you see why there was fighting here during the Revolution?"

"Of course," answered James, after a moment's thought. "Canada was loyal to England, and if the Continentals controlled this point they could keep the English forces at New York and Montreal from helping each other."

"By the way," said the Major, "to go back to the last French and Indian War, when the English attacked Ticonderoga in 1758, do you remember reading about a young officer, Lord Howe, who was killed in a skirmish?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"Well, he was Milton's great-great-grandfather. He was only thirty-four, but he had proved his courage. He was second in command, under General Abercrombie, and Lossing tells us that when they came near the French, 'Major Putnam, with about one hundred men, advanced as a scouting-party to reconnoiter. Lord Howe, eager to make the first attack, proposed to accompany Putnam, but the Major tried to dissuade him, by saying, "My lord, if I am killed the loss of my life will be of little consequence, but the preservation of yours is of infinite importance to this army." The answer was, "Putnam, your life is as dear to you as mine is to me. I am determined to go." They dashed on through the woods, and

in a few minutes fell in with the advanced guard of the French, who had retreated from the first breast-works, and, without a guide and bewildered, were endeavoring to find their way back to the lines. A sharp skirmish ensued, and at the first fire Lord Howe, another officer, and several privates were killed.'

"Last summer, when your Aunt Lucy and I were in London, we saw in Westminster Abbey an elaborate monument to him, put there by the 'General Court of Massachusetts Bay.' "

"Is he buried in Westminster Abbey?"

"No, Captain Philip Schuyler, who was afterwards an American general, took his body to Albany, and it is buried there in the chancel of St. Peter's church."

"That's awfully interesting, Uncle. I didn't know we had any ancestors who took part in the French and Indian War. I must tell Carrie about him." And off he dashed, hat in hand, to where Carrie and her Aunt Lucy were looking up the lake between Mount Independence and Mount Defiance. By the time Major Woods had joined them James had repeated the story of Lord Howe, and they all started off to catch the Lake George boat.

ALONG LAKE GEORGE

Soon they were comfortably seated near the bow where they could see both shores, and as soon as the bustle of starting was over and the steamer well under way, Carrie exclaimed:

"Now we are getting to the scenes of the 'Last of the Mohicans.' One Indian tribe, Cooper says, called

this lake the 'Tail of the Lake,' because it forms a sort of tail to Lake Champlain. But Cooper called it the 'Horican,' and I've read somewhere that that means 'Silver Water'."

"Didn't the French call it 'Holy Sacrament Lake,' Carrie?" asked James.

"Yes."

"Why?"

Cooper says it was because its waters were so clear that the Jesuit missionaries always used them for baptism. But Parkman says that Father Jogues, who was the first white man to see it, named it 'Lac St. Sacrament' because he got to the head of the lake on Corpus Christi Day."

"My! The water is clear, isn't it?' said James, leaning over the rail, and peering down into the limpid depths. "See how far down you can see!"

"But why is it called Lake George?" asked Mrs. Woods.

"Oh, Sir William Johnson named it that, after he had beaten the French in a battle here," answered James. "He did it, he said, 'in honor of his Majesty, and to assert his undoubted dominion here.'"

"Well," said Carrie, "that sounds just like an Englishman. I suppose, though, that if the French had kept this region, it would have been 'Lac St. Sacrament' yet."

"Probably," said her uncle, "but when we get over into the Mohawk Valley, we'll see that the French had very little chance to keep the country."

Just then the steamer passed a high hill which came so close to the water's edge that its slope made a steep slide nearly two hundred feet high. The map called it 'Rogers's Slide,' and James, in answer to a question, told how it got its name.

ROGERS'S SLIDE

"Oh, in one of the French and Indian wars, an American officer named Rogers was chased by the Indians. There was deep snow on the ground, and Rogers fortunately had snow-shoes. He came up from the back to the top of the slide there, and let his knapsack roll down on to the ice. Then, making a big step to one side, he turned around without moving his snow-shoes, so that he had them on backwards, and made another trail down the mountain by way of a ravine, got on to the lake, picked up his knapsack and started off across the ice. When the Indians came to the top, they first saw two sets of tracks both leading to the slide, and thought that two people must have thrown themselves over the edge rather than be caught. Then they saw Rogers far out on the lake. They thought he must have come down the slide, and because they believed no man could do that without the protection of the Manitou or Great Spirit, they gave up their pursuit and let him go. Wasn't that a clever trick? He beat the Indians at their own game."

For awhile they were all silent, intently watching the ever-changing view as the steamer rounded a point or passed one of the scores of islands, and opened up new scenes, each one seeming more beautiful than the others. Suddenly Carrie exclaimed:

"Jim, I wonder where Hawkeye and the Indians landed when they came down the lake to hunt for the trail of Magua and his captives? You see, we are going in just the opposite direction."

"I don't know, Carrie. It might have been any one of those little coves on that west shore."

When the steamer came within full view of the head of the lake and they could see the hotel on the slope where Fort William Henry once stood, James pointed to the mountain on the right and said:

"That must be the height from which Hawkeye, the Indians, and the girls looked down on the fort just before the fog came up. Don't you think so, Carrie?"

"Yes, it must be, but we'll look it up tonight and see."

Before long the steamer reached the dock, and our now hungry travelers were glad to find lodging and a good dinner at the hotel where we first met them. After dinner, they sat on the piazza while the Major smoked. James and Carrie were not content to sit still very long, and strolled down to the edge of the lake. Presently Carrie said:

"So this is the place where Colonel Munro surrendered to Montcalm. Where do you suppose the massacre was?"

"It must have been just over there," answered James, pointing to the southeast, "because the English had started back toward Fort Edward on the Hudson."

"Wasn't there another battle here before Montcalm came?"

"Yes. Don't you remember that General William Johnson was building Fort William Henry at this end of the lake at the very time that the French were building Fort Cavillon at Ticonderoga at the other end? Doesn't Parkman tell all about that?"

"Oh yes, I remember now. And Cooper makes Hawkeye tell Heyward about the battle between the English under Johnson and the French under Dieskau —the 'Dutch-Frenchman' Hawkeye called him. Let's read that part of the story tonight."

"All right. It's getting chilly out here, anyway."

So they went in, and while the Major and Mrs. Woods wrote letters, Carrie and James read again several chapters of the 'Last of the Mohicans,' some other scenes of which they were to visit the next day.

THE CAVE AT GLENS FALLS

By the time Major Woods and James had found a comfortable automobile with a competent looking chauffeur, Mrs. Woods and Carrie had packed up, and were waiting for them on the piazza. There had been a light shower in the night, but the sky was blue, the light clouds held no threat, and the roads were free from dust, so that everything promised well for an outing.

They had gone some three miles when they passed a small stagnant pool which the chauffeur told them was Bloody Pond.

"Oh!" cried Carrie, "that must be where Chingach-

gook tomahawked the French picket and threw his body into the water. Ugh! What a grewsome place!"

"Is that why they call it Bloody Pond?" asked Mrs. Woods, turning to James.

"I think it was because the Colonial soldiers threw in there some French and Canadian soldiers whom they killed in a skirmish near here, just at nightfall one day in September, 1755."

"Right, James," said the Major. "That was in the third and last battle that day. Dieskau said: 'In the morning the English fought like boys, at noon like men, at night like fiends'

"By the way, do you know who commanded the Americans at the French ambush just below Bloody Pond that morning?"

"No, sir."

"It was Colonel Ephraim Williams of Massachusetts, and he was among those killed. Not long before, he made a will leaving his property for a free school which afterwards became Williams College. He is buried near where he fell, and," pointing to the left just as the machine reached the base of French Mountain, "there is the marble shaft erected by the college alumni."

"Is that so?" said James, in surprise. "I wonder if Charley Hancock knows that. He's going to Williams this fall."

In a few minutes more they reached Glens Falls, passing by Fort Amherst and over the Halfway Brook, near which happened several massacres between 1756 and 1759. The children could hardly stop to look at the falls, they were so anxious to explore the caves and see how

accurate Cooper's description was. Carrie had brought her copy of the 'Last of the Mohicans' with her, and as soon as they had made a hurried inspection of the caves she opened the book and read:

"The scout, whilst making his remarks, was busied in collecting certain necessary implements; as he concluded, he moved silently by the group of travellers, accompanied by the Mohicans, who seemed to comprehend his intentions with instinctive readiness, when the whole three disappeared in succession, seeming to vanish against the dark face of a perpendicular rock that rose to the height of a few yards within as many feet of the water's edge. . . .

"Smothered voices were next heard, as though men called to each other in the bowels of the earth, when a sudden light flashed upon those without, and laid bare the much-prized secret of the place.

"At the farther extremity of a narrow, deep cavern in the rock, whose length appeared much extended by the perspective and the nature of the light by which it was seen, was seated the scout, holding a blazing knot of pine. . . .

" 'Are we quite safe in this cavern?' demanded Heyward. 'Is there no danger of surprise? A single armed man, at its entrance, would hold us at his mercy.'

"A spectral-looking figure stalked from out the darkness behind the scout, and seizing a blazing brand, held it toward the farther extremity of their place of retreat. . . . It was only their attendant, Chingachgook, who, lifting another blanket, discovered that the cavern had two outlets. Then, holding the brand, he

crossed a deep, narrow chasm in the rocks, which ran at right angles with the passage they were in, but which, unlike that, was open to the heavens, and entered another cave, answering to the description of the first in every essential particular. . . .

"'We are then on an island?' asked Heyward.

"'Ay! there are the falls on two sides of us, and the river above and below.'"

"It hasn't changed much, has it?" remarked James, when Carrie closed the book.

"Isn't it just lovely?" she rejoined, as she went to look once more at the river boiling and foaming along below the end of the second cave. She was still looking out when a sound behind them made her give a nervous little scream and clutch James tightly by the arm. It was her uncle's voice calling to them to come back, for they must go on to Fort Edward.

JANE McREA'S GRAVE

When they were once more on their way, Carrie asked Major Woods: "Uncle, are the people in the 'Last of the Mohicans' as real as the scenes?"

"Not all of them," he answered. "Cora and Alice are imaginary characters, though Cora's fate was suggested to Cooper by the tragic death of Jane McRea, who was killed and scalped not far from Fort Edward in

1777. Her scalp finally came into the hands of her lover, who carried it off to Canada with him, but she was buried at Albany. In 1848 Lossing saw at Fort Edward a huge pine tree under which she was said to have been killed."

"Was Hawkeye an imaginary character?" asked James.

"No, not altogether. Your mother's great-grandfather was Charles Morgan, who was a spy during the Revolution, and served under Lafayette. His son, Abraham, who lived near Syracuse, was a close friend of Cooper's, and Cooper is believed to have taken Charles Morgan as the model for Hawkeye, although he invented many of the incidents and did not follow the real dates. The inscription on Charles Morgan's monument records that 'Charles Morgan was one of Major André's captors, and was in Capt. W. Gifford's Company, Third New Jersey regiment. 1752-1797.' You see that Cooper changed things to suit himself."

"Oh, isn't that fun!" cried Carrie. "Dear old Hawkeye was modelled after our great-great-grandfather!"

The road now led down stream along the west bank of the Hudson.

"How far up the river did Hendrik Hudson come?" asked Carrie.

"Probably as far as Cohoes," answered the Major. "That brings up an interesting coincidence. Champlain, you remember, was on Lake Champlain the last of July, 1609. It is not more than twenty-five miles from the head of Lake Champlain to Fort Edward on the Hud-

son. You see the Champlain Canal practically follows the old portage or 'carry' between the lake and the river. From Fort Edward it is only thirty-five miles down to Cohoes, where Hudson came barely six weeks afterward. And yet neither explorer had any idea that another white man was within hundreds of miles."

HENDRIK HUDSON

"Oh, I know another one just as odd as that," broke in Carrie. "On July Fourth, 1826, just fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams both died, and left only one signer living, Charles Carroll of Carrollton. I think it was fine that those two men who had been presidents should die on the semi-centennial of the biggest event in their history."

FORT EDWARD AND SARATOGA

At Fort Edward they stopped only long enough to look for a few minutes at the scene of the opening chapters of the 'Last of the Mohicans,' and were well on their way to Saratoga by lunch-time. As they ate on a grassy bank near the road, Carrie asked:

"Who first discovered the springs at Saratoga?"

"The Indians must have known of them for many years, as Cooper assumes," answered Major Woods, "but so far as is known, Sir William Johnson was the first

white man to visit them. He was carried there not long before the Revolution, and soon after the war was over General Philip Schuyler built the first frame house there."

"Did Saratoga trunks get their name from this Saratoga?" asked Mrs. Woods, with a smile.

"Yes," answered the Major, "fifty years ago, when the ladies wore crinoline, it took enormous trunks to

Burgoyne Addressing the Indians

hold their dresses when they went to a fashionable watering-place like the Springs."

"I know something else that took its name from Saratoga," said Carrie, mischievously.

"What?" demanded James.

"Potato chips!" and she turned demurely to her aunt with "Won't you have some, Aunt Lucy?"

"Wasn't there a Revolutionary battle at Saratoga?" asked Carrie, after a pause.

"Yes," said James promptly. "In 1777 General Gates forced General Burgoyne and nearly 6,000 English troops to surrender. It was the first big American victory. There were really two battles, one at Bemis' Heights and the other at Stillwater."

"Well, well," interrupted Major Woods, getting up, "this history is all very interesting, but we must be getting along. We'll have the chauffeur drive us about Saratoga for a half hour and then straight on to Ballston. Do you know what there is at Ballston, Carrie?"

"Yes, Uncle Jack. Ballston is at the spring where Hawkeye took Cora and Alice after he had rescued them from the Indians the first time."

"You may go up head, Carrie. Now, James, what can you tell us about Schenectady?"

"In 1690, in mid-winter, the French and Indians surprised Schenectady, which was then a frontier settlement, burned the houses, and massacred the inhabitants. This was in the first French and Indian war."

"Right. Of course, Schenectady was only a village then, but now you will find it a city of nearly 75,000 people. There are great locomotive works there, as well as the chief plant of the General Electric Company. At Schenectady, too, is Union College, which is over a hundred years old. One of its presidents, Eliphalett Nott,

was a very remarkable man. He was an eloquent preacher, he invented a stove which brought him a large fortune, and he was president of the college for sixty-one years."

When they reached Schenectady about four o'clock, Major Woods hurried into a drug store and soon got his friend Col. Compton of Amsterdam on the long distance telephone. He came back to the car and reported that Col. Compton had received his telegram and that he and Mrs. Compton were expecting them all to dine with them and spend the night at their house.

THE MOHAWK VALLEY

As they left Schenectady for Amsterdam, almost due west, Major Woods said:

"We are now in the valley of the Mohawk, the chief western tributary of the Hudson, and we are following the old Indian trail between the Hudson and the Great Lakes. When we get over to Rome we'll see how short a distance the Indians had to carry their canoes to get from the Mohawk to Wood Creek and then into Lake Oneida."

"Why didn't the French come this way instead of up the Richelieu, Uncle Jack?" asked James.

"If you look at the map you will see that Montreal, Albany, and Oswego are at the corners of a rough right-angled triangle, with Albany in the right angle; so that for the French to come by Oswego would have taken them around two sides of the triangle. Besides, when Champlain first went west from Montreal his Indian

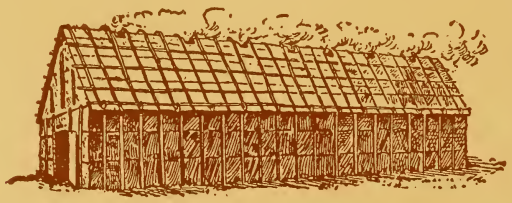
friends took him up the Ottawa River, and through Lake Nipissing to Lake Huron, then back through Lake Simcoe and a long chain of lakes, and down the River Trent, which brought him out on Lake Ontario, where Trenton now is, almost across from Rochester. It seems odd, doesn't it, that he should have discovered Lake Huron before he did Lake Ontario, but his journals leave no doubt."

"Well, Uncle Jack," persisted James, "why did the French do all the exploring on the Great Lakes? Why didn't the English go across here sooner?"

"There were several reasons, James. In the first place the Englishmen who settled in Virginia and Massachusetts, and later in New York and Pennsylvania, were colonists and came here to build homes. They didn't depend upon the Indians for food or for trade, and needed only to protect themselves against them. For the most part they did that by fighting them off. But the French were fur traders, and had only a few trading posts far apart, which depended for success on the furs they could get from the Indians. If the Indians were hostile they couldn't trade with them, and French hunters and trappers would not be safe. So from the very beginning, the French made friends with the Indians.

"That policy had some immediate and unforeseen results, too. In order to prove his friendship for the Hurons and Algonquins, who lived in the country above the St. Lawrence, and who brought their furs down to Montreal, Champlain joined them in an expedition against their enemies the Iroquois, who occupied all of what is now New York. Carrie read us about that trip

yesterday at Ticonderoga. The Iroquois naturally became the bitter enemies of the French, and therefore were friendly to the English. The hostility of the Iroquois kept the French out of New York, and so for over a hundred years the English and Dutch settlers along the coast were separated from the French along the lakes by a wide strip of wilderness. The French established only one post on the New York side of Lake Ontario, at Niagara, and the English had no posts on the Lake until the 18th century. The first English trading post on the lake was at Oswego, in 1722, at the end of this very route we are now taking. So when they did cross New



Iroquois House

York, they followed the old Indian trail, up the Mohawk, across the 'divide' and down through Lake Oneida and the Oswego River.

"The first two French and Indian wars, King William's and Queen Anne's, you remember, were the result of quarrels between France and England in Europe. In the first one, when the French wanted to attack the English in New York, they had to come clear across to Schenectady, which was a frontier village right out in the wilderness, although it is only sixteen miles from the Hudson.

"By the time of the third French and Indian war, King George's, the French and English outposts were a little closer together. Up on Lake George, the English were at Fort William Henry, and the French at Ticonderoga. Over on Lake Ontario, the French had Frontenac at the foot of the lake and Niagara at the head, while the English were at Oswego. But the fourth war, the real French and Indian war, started in America because the English had by that time pushed across the Alleghanies into the Ohio valley, which the French claimed. So the two nations decided to fight it out, and the English won."

"Were the English so much better fighters than the French, Uncle?' asked James.

"Perhaps they were, James. But the real reason why the English won was because they outnumbered the French about twenty to one, and were fighting for territory they had settled, while the French had only a string of little trading posts. If the French had settled Canada as the English did New York and New England, the French *might* possibly have kept Canada to this day. But the English conquered it and proceeded to settle it.

"But see," and the Major pointed across the valley. "There is the river, there is the canal, and there are two railroads, one on each side. This Mohawk Valley, which was once the warpath of the Iroquois is now a chief highway of commerce."

"Well!" said Carrie, "I didn't realize that geography had so much to do with history."

"It has a great deal to do with it," responded Major Woods. Hendrik Hudson went up the North River be-

cause he thought it might lead him to China; and if the St. Lawrence hadn't run pretty nearly west, perhaps the French wouldn't have explored it as they did. They were sure they could get to China; you know they even called the rapids above Montreal 'Lachine,' because they thought that China was not far beyond."

"Oh yes, Uncle," cried James. "I remember now that the natives of America were called Indians because the explorers thought they had reached India."

By this time, they were in sight of Amsterdam, and soon the automobile drew up in front of Col. Compton's, where we will leave them for a while.

After dinner, while Major Woods and his host discussed old times over their cigars, the ladies went down town with James and Carrie to look in at the show windows and get some souvenir postals. On their return Col. Compton showed them his collection of Indian relics—strings of wampum, stone axes and arrowheads, tomahawks, scalping-knives, some old flint-lock muskets and rifles, and as a final grewsome touch, a warrior's scalp-lock, neatly stretched and dried on a frame.

"Col. Compton, can you tell whether that scalp belonged to an Oneida or a Delaware, as Chingachgook could?" asked James.

"No, my knowledge doesn't go that far. All I know is that each tribe had its own way of shaving the head around the war-lock, and patterns and colors of war-paint as individual as a Scotch clan's tartan. But you know it takes special training to see and interpret small differences. Isn't it Hawkeye who is always talking about the different 'gifts'?"

"Yes," answered Carrie, "he tells Jasper Western, in the 'Pathfinder,' 'You have your gifts, which incline most to the water, as mine incline to the woods.' "

"I had an illustration of that the other day," continued Col. Compton. "As I was driving out to the farm I picked up a horseshoe in the road. To me it was just a horseshoe, but when my man looked at it he told me at once that it was the left hind shoe from a horse with the stringhalt."

"Why," said James, "he would have made a good scout, wouldn't he?"

"Our gardener at home," said Carrie, "can go into the grocery and name the kinds of strawberries in the different crates. He says it is just as easy to tell one kind of strawberry from another as it is to tell a Ben Davis apple from a Bellflower."

"Well," said Mrs. Woods, "I don't believe you men could name the pattern of a piece of lace, or tell whether it was real or machine-made."

"I can't do that," said James, "but I can tell what make an automobile is without seeing the name."

By this time it was near ten o'clock, and the visitors bade their hosts goodnight and went to their rooms to write letters and prepare for an early start in the morning.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Where is Lake Cō′mō?

Trace on a map the route from Mŏnt rē ą̄l′ to Fort William Henry.

Into what does the Richelieu (rēēsh′lōō) River empty?

Find on a map Burlington, Crown Point and Tī cŏn-dĕr ō′gă.

Find out something about Francis Parkman; about Samuel de Champlain (shăm plān′); about James Fenimore Cooper; about Montcalm (mŏnt kăhm′).

cuisses (kwĭs es) were plates of armor for the thighs.

Who were the Continentals?

What is Westminster Abbey? Where is it?

Corpus Christi Day is the ninth Thursday after Easter.

Lac St. Sacrement (lăk′săn săk′rĕ mŏn) is French for Holy Sacrament Lake.

Tell in your own words the story of Roger's Slide.

In the 'Last of the Mohicans' (mō hē′cănz), the pursuit of Magua (măg′wăh) and his captives is told in Chapter 20; the height from which Hawkeye and the others looked down is described in Chapter 14; the story of Munro's surrender is told in Chapters 16 and 17; Hawkeye's account of the fight with Baron Dieskau (dē ĕs′kow), who was a German officer in the service of France, is told in Chapter 14; the caves at Glenn's Falls are described in Chapter 6; the visit to the spring at Ballston is recounted in Chapter 12. Chingachgook (chĭn′găt ch gŏŏk), or 'the Great Serpent', and his son Uncas (ŭn′kăs) are Hawkeye's Indian friends.

What is a portage or 'carry'?

Trace on a map Champlain's journey from Montreal to Lake Huron, and thence to Lake Ontario.

When was King William's War? Queen Anne's? King George's?

Find on a map Frŏn'tĕ năc (now Kingston, Ontario), Niagara, and Oswego.

When was the last French and Indian War? (In Europe it is called the 'Seven Years' War'.)

At what place in the Ohio Valley was the first dispute between the French and the English?

Lachine (lăh sheen') is French for China.

Why were the American savages called Indians?

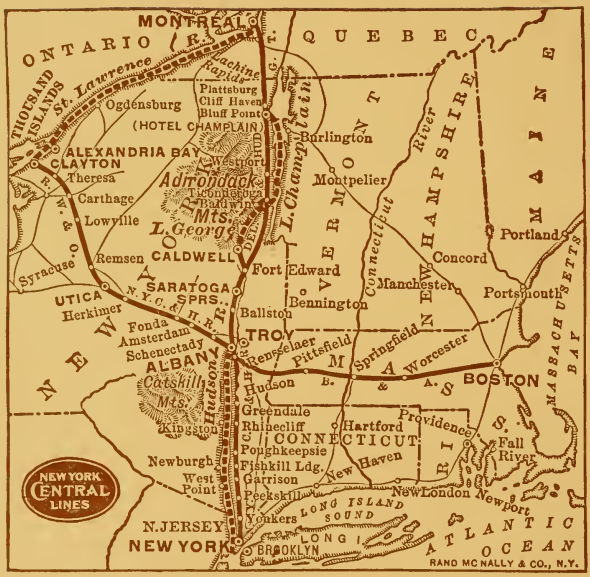
Trace on a map the route from Fort William Henry to Amsterdam.

Some other proper names in this chapter are pronounced as follows:

Iroquois (ĭr'ō kwoy),	Algonquins (ăl gŏn'kwins),
Abercrombie (ăb'ĕr crŭm by),	Jogues (zhōg),
Schenectady (skĕn ĕk'tă dy),	Nipissing (nĭp'ĭs sĭng).

Spell, pronounce, and explain the following words:

panama	chancel	crinoline
doublet	ancestors	tributary
casque	snowshoes	right-angled
allies	knapsack	hostile
exploits	stagnant	brand
apparition	grewsome	'divide'
arquebuse	panic	frontier
site	accurate	proceeded
artillery	inspection	wampum
skirmish	spectral	flintlock
reconnoiter	discovered	tartan
dissuade	invented	stringhalt


MONTREAL
ONTARIO
QUEBEC
St. Lawrence R.
Lachine Rapids
THOUSAND ISLANDS
Plattsburg
Cliff Haven
Bluff Point
Ogdensburg
(HOTEL CHAMPLAIN)
Burlington
L. Champlain
ALEXANDRIA BAY
CLAYTON
Theresa
Westport
Adirondack Mts.
Montpelier
Carthage
Lowville
L. George
Portland
Syracuse
Remsen
CALDWELL
Fort Edward
Concord
Connecticut River
NEW HAMPSHIRE
MAINE
SARATOGA SPRS.
Manchester
UTICA
Herkimer
Ballston
Bennington
Portsmouth
Fonda
Amsterdam
Schenectady
TROY
Springfield
Worcester
ALBANY
Rensselaer
Pittsfield
BOSTON
Catskill Mts.
Hudson R.
Greendale
Providence
Kingston
Rhinecliff
Hartford
CONNECTICUT
Fall River
Poughkeepsie
Newburgh
Fishkill Ldg.
New Haven
West Point
Garrison
Peekskill
New London
Newport
LONG ISLAND SOUND
N. JERSEY
Yonkers
NEW YORK
BROOKLYN
LONG I.
ATLANTIC OCEAN
NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES
RAND MC NALLY & CO., N.Y.

INDIANS AND THE MISSIONARIES

DURING the night James had all sorts of adventures with the Indians. Finally he was seated on a log in front of a camp-fire listening to Hawkeye, Chingachgook, and Uncas, who were laying plans for a deerhunt in the morning, when a sudden war-whoop behind him made him jump up with a startled cry—and he awoke to see the Major standing by the side of his bed.

"My!" said James, "I thought you were a Mohawk about to scalp me!"

"I rather thought you were dreaming. Hurry up now. The first bell has rung, and we mustn't keep breakfast waiting."

After a hearty breakfast, our party said goodbye to the Comptons, were driven downtown, and took a westbound train. Soon they were out of Amsterdam and spinning along up the valley.

"In a few minutes," said the Major, "we will pass near Auriesville, which is on the site of an old Iroquois village called Ossernenon. It was to this village that the Indians brought as a captive Father Isaac Jogues, one of the early Jesuit missionaries in this region. The Indians were so enraged at his

fatherly tenderness to two young Frenchmen, René Goupil and William Couture, who were with him, that they tore off his clothing and beat him with clubs until he dropped half-dead at their feet. Then they fell upon him, and bit his feet and hands, and even tore out his nails and crushed the bones of his fingers with their teeth. Whenever they met another party of Indians, they would form a double file and compel their prisoners to 'run the gauntlet'—'the narrow path of Heaven,' Father Jogues called it.

"Every day they were tortured, and in the evening given up to the children, who amused themselves all night in practicing cruelties upon them. Finally, according to the Iroquois custom, Father Jogues was given as a slave to a family which had lost a member by death during the expedition on which he was captured. For nearly a year Father Jogues endured his slavery, though he was urged to escape by the Dutch at Fort Orange, now known as Albany. As long as he thought he could lighten the burden of his fellow slaves or win the hearts of the Iroquois, he remained. At last, when the Iroquois refused to let him teach them and kept him away from his friends, he decided to escape. The Dutch helped him, hid him for six weeks in a miserable barn, and then sent him down the Hudson to New Amsterdam, and on to France.

"His friends received him as one from the dead, but the missionary spirit was so strong in him that he returned again to New France, only to be captured once

more by the Iroquois, taken back to Ossernenon, and this time put to death and beheaded, in October, 1646."

"Oh, I remember now," said James, "he was the man who discovered Lake George and named it 'Lac St. Sacrament.'"

"What an awful experience!" exclaimed Carrie. "He was a real martyr to the faith, wasn't he?"

"Yes," said her uncle, "and he was only one of many. Don't you remember what Parkman says in the 'Pioneers of France in the New World'? It is something to this effect: That the French tried to win New France not by the sword—as the Spanish had done in Mexico and Peru—but by the cross. The French did not try to overwhelm the peoples they discovered, but to convert and civilize them. That is why the Jesuit missionaries came with the explorers, and were often explorers themselves. That is one reason why Champlain and his successors made friends with the Indians. Champlain, you know, more than once sent Frenchmen to winter with the Indians, while he took Indians back to France with him as his guests."

"I remember more about Father Jogues now," said Carrie. "He and his companions lived as the Indians did, ate their food, and slept in their cabins. Why, then, did the Indians torture him?"

"Don't you see, Carrie?" said James. "Father Jogues was with a band of Hurons when the Iroquois captured him. They had never forgiven the French for taking the side of the Hurons, and they tortured

him, not because he was a priest but because he was a Frenchman."

"Uncle Jack," asked Carrie, "what became of the two Frenchmen who were with Father Jogues?"

"René Goupil was put to death by the Iroquois for making the sign of the cross on the forehead of a little Indian boy. Couture was adopted by the Mohawks, but in a few years married a French girl and settled across from Quebec. He lived to be ninety-four years old, and at least two of his descendants have been Canadian bishops."

THE SIX NATIONS

"Uncle, what is the difference between the Iroquois and the Mohawks?" asked James.

"The Mohawks formed one of the Five Nations which made up the Iroquois race. The others were the Senecas, Oneidas, Onondagas, and Cayugas. Afterwards, in the 18th century, a few Tuscaroras came up from North Carolina and joined them, making Six Nations. Can't you tell from your geography, about where these tribes lived?'

"I can make a guess," answered James. "We are in the Mohawk Valley, so I suppose the Mohawks lived along here."

"If that is the way you tell," said Carrie, "the Oneidas must have lived just west of the Mohawks, for we are coming to Lake Oneida soon. South and west of Lake Oneida is Lake Onondaga. Then still farther west is Cayuga Lake and just beyond that is Seneca Lake."

"Correct. These tribes lived for many generations in a strong confederation. They were not so much more numerous than their neighbors, but they were well organized. The Mohawks were the fiercest and most important members of the federation, and because they lived farthest to the east, they were the first Indians to get firearms, which they bought with furs from the Dutch settlers in the Hudson Valley."

"Where are they now, Uncle Jack?" asked Carrie.

"There are still about 4,000 of the Six Nations in New York, and about 6,000 in Canada. Besides these there are over 2,000 Oneidas out in Wisconsin, and a few hundred Senecas in Oklahoma."

"Was Uncas really the 'Last of the Mohicans'?" asked James.

"Almost. Cooper was accurate in saying that Chingachgook had gone among the Delawares, for in 1730 many of the Mohicans emigrated from the Hudson valley and from western Massachusetts to the Susquehanna, where they were absorbed by the Delawares. Still, there are a very few Mohicans now living on Green Bay, Wisconsin.

"The Iroquois, though great travelers, were not nomadic, like most of the Indians west of the Mississippi. They had their villages, and built great houses which sheltered sometimes forty or fifty families. They had, too, their log palisades, and their squaws cultivated small fields of Indian corn and vegetables. They were savages in their cruelty and in their modes of warfare, but they were very intelligent."

"Then Cooper's Indians are true to life, aren't they, Uncle?' asked James.

"Yes, I think they are, for the most part. Perhaps he idealizes them a little, but in the main he gives you a pretty fair notion of what the Iroquois were."

Just then the train slowed up and came to a stop near the center of a small town, and the conductor called out: "Fonda."

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON

"About four miles north of here," said Major Woods, "is Johnstown. I had hoped we might have time to go up there and see Johnson Hall, which Sir William Johnson built a few years before he died. Johnson certainly had more influence over the Indians than any Englishman before or since, and perhaps more than any other white man has ever had. William Johnson was an Irish boy who came to New York in the second quarter of the 18th century to take charge of the estate of his uncle, Admiral Warren of the British navy. This estate embraced a large part of the Mohawk Valley, but young Johnson proved amazingly capable. He was a very strong and active man, a good hunter, and was a leader in all the games and feats of strength, so that he commanded the admiration and respect both of the Indians and of the Dutch settlers who were his nearest neighbors. In addition,

Sir William Johnson

Johnson could be 'all things to all men': he drank with the Dutchmen, ate roast dog with the Indians at their feasts, wore their dress, and in their councils addressed them with the dignity and flowery eloquence that they loved. After his German wife died, he bound the Indians closer to him by taking Molly Brant, a sister of Joseph Brant, one of the great chiefs of the Mohawks. Johnson understood the Indians, and treated them fairly, for he had two rules which he always lived up to: he would not deal with the Indians unless they were sober; and he always kept his promise, no matter what it cost him.

"In King George's War, it was William Johnson who, dressed in the garb of an Indian chief, visited the Six Nations, spoke eloquently in their councils, and kept them friendly to the English in spite of the attempts of the French to win them over. In the last French and Indian War, Johnson led his tenants and the Indians against the French on Lake Champlain, and for his victory over Dieskau, he was made a baronet. You remember, James, that it was Sir William Johnson who gave to Lac St. Sacrament the name of Lake George.

"In the battle on Lake George Johnson lost one of his best friends among the Indians, Chief Hendrick. Hendrick had made two visits to England and on one of them had been presented to King George, who gave him a fine uniform. You know the Indians were very fond of showy clothes."

"Yes, indeed," interrupted Carrie. "Cooper brings that into the 'Deerslayer.'"

"Well, Hendrick had his portrait painted in this uniform, and I have an old engraving of it somewhere. His love for fine clothes shows in a story about him. It is said that on one occasion when Hendrick was visiting Johnson, he saw a suit of clothes which he admired very much. So the next morning he gravely told Johnson that he had had a dream.

KING HENDRICK

"'What did you dream?' inquired Johnson.

"'I dreamed that you gave me that suit of clothes,' he answered, pointing to it.

"'Very well,' said Johnson, 'you may have it.'

A few days later, however, Johnson told Hendrick that he, too, had had a dream.

"'What did you dream?' asked Hendrick.

"'I dreamed that you gave me such and such a tract of land,' and Johnson described the boundaries of several thousand acres of fine land. Hendrick winced, but he was not to be outdone in generosity, and answered soberly:

"'It is yours. But—don't you have any more dreams.'"

"Do you think that is true, Uncle?" asked Carrie.

"I rather think it is, for there are still in existence some transfers of lands which speak of them as parts of 'Sir William Johnson's dream lands.' At any rate, it illustrates both Johnson's shrewdness and the Indian character."

CHIEF JOSEPH BRANT

"Which side did Sir William take in the Revolution, Uncle Jack?" asked Carrie.

"Luckily for him, he died in 1774. But his son, Sir John, and his nephew, Guy, were both violent Tories. They committed many excesses, and their great estates were confiscated. After King Hendrick's death the Johnsons were aided by another great sachem of the Mohawks, Joseph Brant. Sir William Johnson had sent him to school in Connecticut, and then employed him as his secretary and agent. When the Revolution broke out, Brant took the British side—like all of the Indians except the Oneidas—and even went to England, where he was made much of by the nobility, and had his portrait painted by Romney, one of the leading artists of that day. I have an engraving somewhere, taken from that painting. Brant soon came back to America and throughout the Revolution was a leader of the Indians. After the war he secured lands for the Mohawks in western Ontario, and devoted himself to their welfare. He even translated the Gospel of Mark into the Mohawk language."

"Why, I thought the Indians did terrible things to the Continentals in the Revolution," said James. "Was Brant converted after the war?"

"No. It is true the Indians did many cruel things but Brant was really very humane, especially to women and children. When the Tories raided Cherry Valley (that is where your great-grandmother was born), Walter Butler, one of the worst of them, ordered a woman and her baby to be slain in bed. Brant protested, saying, 'What! kill a woman and child! That child is not an enemy to the king nor a friend to Congress. Long before he will be big enough to do any mischief, the dispute will be settled.' On another raid a baby was carried off by the Indians. The next morning an Indian runner brought the child to General Van Rensselaer, with a note from Brant, which read: 'Sir—I send you, by one of my runners, the child which he will deliver, that you may know that, whatever others may do, I do not make war upon women and children. I am sorry to say that I have

those engaged with me who are more savage than the savages themselves.' And he was right. Some of the Tories were more brutal and merciless than the Indians whom they looked down upon as uncivilized and barbarous.

"There is a pretty legend about Brant's ancestors that I'll tell you at Little Falls, if you remind me of it."

DISTANT VIEW OF CHERRY VALLEY

At Fort Plain, our party left the train, and while they were refreshing themselves with ice cream sodas, Major Woods told them about Cherry Valley, some twelve miles south.

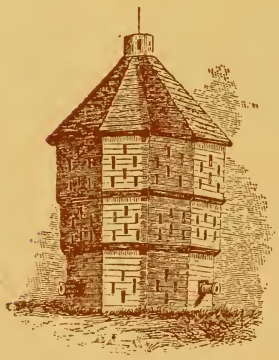
"In November, 1778, a party of Indians, chiefly Senecas, attacked Cherry Valley, killed many people, burned all the buildings, and carried off a number of prisoners. Among these captives were a Mrs. Campbell, her eighteen-months-old baby daughter, and her mother, Mrs. Cannon. Because Mrs. Cannon was old and feeble, and hindered their flight, the Indians tomahawked her as she tottered along beside her daughter.

But when the Senecas got back to their own country, they treated Mrs. Campbell kindly, and later sent her back to her friends. That baby daughter, children, was your great-grandmother."

"How I wish we could go over there!" exclaimed Carrie.

"I'm sorry we haven't time, but I have a very good picture of how the Valley looked sixty-five years ago. Isn't that a peaceful looking place to be attacked by Indians!"

When they had rested, they walked out to the site of the old fort where there used to be a Revolutionary block-house. James was especially interested, so the Major showed him a picture of the block-house, and explained how it was built.



Fort Plain Blockhouse

"You see it has three stories. The first story was thirty feet across, the second forty feet, and the third fifty feet, so that each of the upper stories projected about five feet. In the floor of the projecting part were loop-holes, and by firing through these the defenders could keep the enemy from getting close enough to set fire to the building. It was built of hewn logs about fifteen inches square, so that it was entirely bullet-proof. When

we get to Mackinac Island you will see one that is still standing.

"Now we must get back and catch the train, for we want to get to Little Falls in time for lunch."

As they went down through the town and past a church, Major Woods told them how when the Indians attacked and burned the village in 1780, the church spire had a bright brass ball on it, which the Indians thought was gold.

"They watched eagerly while the church burned," he continued, "and when the spire fell made a rush for the ball, and several of them burned their fingers badly before they discovered how hot it was!"

"If those Indians had taken writing lessons," said James, "they would have known better."

"Why?" demanded Carrie.

"Because every copybook has the sentence 'All is not gold that glitters.'"

From Fort Plain to Little Falls our party was for the most part silent, enjoying the busy, peaceful scenes on either side. Once Carrie turned to her brother and said:

"Jimmie, it couldn't have looked much like this when Mabel Dunham and her uncle Cap came along here with Arrowhead and Dew-of-June."

"No, I suppose these plowed fields were all woods then."

AN INDIAN LEGEND

At Little Falls the party went first to get something to eat. For the first few minutes they paid close attention to what was set before them, but while they were waiting for their dessert Mrs. Woods asked:

"Why is this place called 'Little Falls?'"

"To distinguish it from 'Great Falls' at the mouth of the Mohawk, now called Cohoes."

"Uncle Jack," said Carrie, "you promised to tell us an Indian legend when we got here."

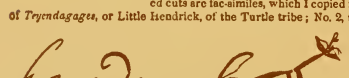
"Before I begin the legend, I must explain that each of the Five Nations was divided into tribes, and each tribe had its special emblem or totem."

"Oh, yes," cried James, "I know. In the 'Last of the Mohicans' Uncas is saved from the torture because when they had torn his hunting shirt off they found a small blue tortoise tattooed on his breast."

According to Colden, each of the original Five Nations was divided into *three* tribes, the Tortoise or Turtle, the Bear, and the Wolf. Others affirm that there were *eight* divisions in each, the other tribes being the Crane, the Snipe, the Hawk, the Beaver, and the Deer. The first three seem to have been pre-eminent; and among the Mohawks, with whom the whites had more direct and extensive business and social intercourse than with any others, these only were known. Title deeds to lands, and other papers, now in the office of the Secretary of State at Albany, have the signatures or marks of the chiefs of these three tribes attached. The annexed cuts are fac-similes, which I copied from the originals. No. 1 is the mark of *Treyndagages*, or Little Hendrick, of the Turtle tribe; No. 2, that of *Kanadagea*, or Hans, chief of the Bear tribe, and is intended to represent a bear lying on his back; No. 3 is the signature and hieroglyphic of Great Hendrick, the celebrated chief of the Wolf tribe, who was killed near Lake George in 1755. *Kanadagea* sometimes made a simple cross, thus: Little Abram, or *Tinyahasara*, whom we have noted as friendly to the Americans, made a mark thus: I found upon several papers the name of Daniel, a chief of the Tortoise tribe, often associated with that of Little Abraham and of Hans. The signatures of the chiefs of all the three tribes appear to have been essential in making those deeds or conveyances legal. Besides the eight *totems* here named, there appears to have been, at an earlier date, three other tribes, the Serpent, the Porcupine, and the Fox. Giles F. Yates, Esq., of Schenectady, one of our most indefatigable antiquaries, discovered a document having the marks of twenty-one chiefs and that of a woman (Eusena) attached. Among them are those of *Togwayenant*, of the Serpent; *Sander*, of the Porcupine; and *Symon*, of the Fox tribe. The date of the document is 1714.

No. 1.

No. 2.



No. 3.

Daniel's Signature.

Indian Signatures

"Yes, that was the totem of his tribe. Some of the chiefs when they signed deeds made their 'mark' by drawing the totem of their tribe. King Hendrick and Joseph Brant both belonged to the Wolf tribe of the Mohawks. Now for the legend.

"Long ago, when the river here was broader and the falls much higher than they are now, a maiden of the Bear tribe was loved by two young sachems, one of the Wolf tribe, the other of the Tortoise."

"What's a 'sachem,' Uncle Jack?" asked James.

"It is an Indian word for 'chief' or 'wise man.'"

"Don't you remember, Jim," said Carrie, "that Hawk-eye often called Chingachgook 'sagamore'? That's the same word, isn't it, Uncle?"

"Yes. But you are interrupting my story. Well, the maiden flirted with both her lovers for a long time, but finally chose the Wolf. Though the Tortoise was filled with jealousy and rage, he managed to conceal his feelings, and pretended to be reconciled. One evening when the Wolf was away, the Tortoise walked with the maiden in the moonlight along the bank, and proposed that they should visit a beautiful little island in the stream above the falls. She agreed and took her place in his canoe. But instead of going to the island the Tortoise paddled swiftly across to a cave so near the brink of the falls that it seemed impossible to reach it without going over them. Here he dragged the maiden from the canoe and kept her many months, for he could get in and out through a hole in the top of the cave, which was out of her reach.

"Her family and the Wolf mourned her as dead, but at last the Wolf accidentally saw the mouth of the cave from across the river, and recognized his rival's canoe tied at its entrance. So at midnight he, too, paddled swiftly and skilfully across the stream, landed safely, and found the maiden and the Tortoise fast asleep. The Wolf struck at the Tortoise with his tomahawk, but because the moonlight was feeble, only succeeded in wounding him slightly. The Tortoise, unarmed, made a leap, escaped through a hole in the roof of the cave, and closed the passage with a stone. Then the Wolf and the Bear maiden, knowing he would soon return with help, decided to die in the river. They seated themselves side by side in the canoe and pushed it out into the current. Swiftly their frail boat sped over the boiling waters and plunged down the cataract. But the Great Spirit protected them, and their canoe came safely out of the foam and spray and floated on down the Mohawk to a pleasant valley where the Wolf and his rescued bride lived and loved until their children's children had grown up about them. From these two, they say, was descended Joseph Brant, the great sachem of the Mohawks, the strong Wolf of his nation."

THE ERIE CANAL

As the Major led the way down to the river, he pointed out that in the days before the canal Little Falls must have been a very important place.

"You see," he continued, "everything had to be 'carried' about a mile, because not even empty boats could get over the falls. One early traveler reported that the portage was over ground so swampy that wheels were useless, and the thrifty Germans who settled here made a handsome profit by dragging boats and cargoes around the falls on great sleds."

"My!" said James, "traveling must have been slow then."

"It was both slow and expensive. In those days it was a little over a hundred miles from Schenectady to Utica, and sailboats aided by oars took a week for the trip. The railroad has cut the distance to about seventy-five miles, and trains make it in two hours or even less. Before the canal was built it cost fifty dollars to transport a ton of freight from New York City to Oswego, but after it had been open only a few years the rate fell to four dollars."

"What cut down the rate so much, Uncle Jack?"

"Several things. In the first place, after a cargo was put on a canal boat at Oswego, it didn't have to be taken out until the boat reached New York City. That saved a great many handlings, you see, and every handling cost time, labor, and money. In the next place, the locks divide the canal into a number of 'levels', and since there is no current to pull against, a boat can be towed along faster and with less effort. That meant that a boat captain hired fewer men and for a shorter time. Another thing that helped to lower the cost of moving freight was that the locks provided a uniform depth of water, so

that larger boats with bigger cargoes could be taken through the canal than could go on the river, because a river boat had to be small enough to float in the shallowest part of the river, and light enough to be carried past rapids and falls."

"Who first thought of digging the canal, Uncle Jack?" asked Carrie.

"I don't know certainly. It was proposed as early as 1722, the year in which the English first established a trading-post at Oswego. But it was nearly a hundred years before work was begun on it, and it wasn't completed until 1825. The Clinton family were the chief movers in its construction, and De Witt Clinton, then Governor of New York, traveled with a party from Buffalo to New York on the first boat which went through the canal. At every town along the way there was a great celebration, and at New York the canal boat was towed out into the bay where a keg of water from Lake Erie was emptied into the Atlantic to symbolize the union of lake and ocean.

"One of the interesting incidents of the occasion was the device for letting New York know when the party began the journey from Buffalo. Cannon were stationed within sound of each other all the way to New York, and the moment the party started the first cannon boomed the message to the next, which passed it on, until the news reached New York just eighty-one minutes later. Messages have since been telegraphed around the world in much less time than that, but for those days it was a record.

"Well, well!" he concluded abruptly. "Here we are talking about the canal when we ought to be on our way to Rome. We will have just about time to catch the next car."

Less than a half hour's ride on the trolley brought our party to Herkimer, where Major Woods reminded

On the Mohawk River

James and Carrie that twenty-five miles south, at the foot of Lake Otsego was Cooperstown, where James Fenimore Cooper lived.

"Lake Otsego!" cried Carrie. "Why, that is the lake on which so many things happened in the 'Deerslayer'. But Cooper called it the 'Glimmerglass'."

"It was at Lake Otsego, in the summer of 1779," said the Major, "that General James Clinton, the father

of Governor De Witt Clinton, did what the Indians thought was a miracle. He was at the south end of the lake, unable to move his supplies because the water was so low. He therefore built a dam at the outlet of the lake, which raised the water enough to overflow the cornfields of the Indians, and when he cut the dam the flood of water which poured down the outlet was enough to float all his boats. The Indians were so frightened at the sudden rising of the lake without any apparent cause, and at the flood in the outlet without any rains, that they thought the Great Spirit must be angry at them, and retreated to the depths of the forests."

"Evidently," said James, "Governor Clinton wasn't the only member of the family who could make the water carry him wherever he wanted to go."

As they passed through Ilion Major Woods said:

"Do you see that group of buildings over there? That is the Remington factory, where they make firearms, and —what is really better worth remembering—where the first typewriter was made some forty years ago."

"Rifles and typewriters!" said James. "We had a debate in our room last winter about 'Which is the more useful, the rifle or the typewriter?' "

"What did you decide?"

"It was a tie vote. The boys all voted for the rifle, and the girls for the typewriter."

"Well!" said Carrie. "I think that was a silly question. I don't see how anyone could tell."

Before long they came into the outskirts of a big city.

"What place is this?" asked Mrs. Woods.

"This is Utica, once the great meeting place of the Mohawk Valley. You see, this was the place where the old Iroquois trail branched off westward to the Genesee Valley and Buffalo. There was a ford across the Mohawk here, too, so that it was a good meeting place. Another trail ran south, about where the Chenango canal runs, to the Susquehanna, and still another north to the Adirondack lakes."

CONTINENTAL CURRENCY

"Then this is another illustration of how commerce has followed the old trails, isn't it?" said James.

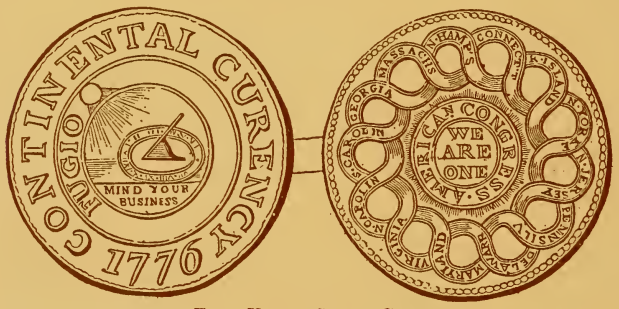
"Yes. The Indians found the easiest way, and those who came later followed in their steps."

As they went through Oriskany and Stanwix, Major Woods said to them:

"Do you see how narrow and shallow the Mohawk is getting? We are coming now to Rome, which is

built at the head of boat navigation on the Mohawk, just where the canoes had to be carried across a little rise to Wood Creek, which let them into Lake Oneida and then down the Oswego to Lake Ontario. Tomorrow we will get a carriage and drive across the old portage to Sylvan Beach where we can take a steamer along Lake Oneida to Brewerton."

When they reached Rome, instead of going to one of the chief hotels, the Major took them up a side street



First United States Coin

to where an old acquaintance of his was the host of a small but comfortable old house, which still had some of the attractions of an old-time tavern. Here they made themselves at home, and after a plain but appetizing meal, they went into the old parlor, which still had its "whatnot" in the corner, and a glass case of curios on a walnut stand. Among the relics was a bundle of Continental currency which the children looked at with great interest.

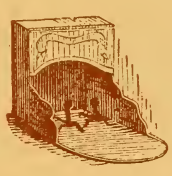
"It wasn't worth much," said their host. "I've read somewhere that in 1777 if you wanted a hundred dollars

in specie you only had to give a hundred and five dollars in this paper money, but that in 1781 a hundred dollars in coin was worth $7,400 in paper money. Soon after that, no man who had silver would take paper money at all.

"Now here is one of the first coins made by the United States. It seems funny that that one little piece of silver was worth about as much of this paper money as you could get into a goodsized handbag."

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Woods. "When you went shopping in those days, you must have had to take your money in a satchel."

"Oh, what a cute little stove!" cried Carrie, who had been looking around the room.



Franklin Stove

"Yes," said the host, "that is one of the original stoves that Benjamin Franklin invented away back in 1742. I did have one of the pamphlets he wrote explaining its advantages, but it got lost when we moved. That stove I brought from my grandfather's old house in Philadelphia."

"Now, children," said their uncle, as the host left them to attend to another guest, "you had better be reading the 'Pathfinder', for tomorrow we are going to follow Mabel and her uncle down to Oswego. Lucy, I'm going into the office to write some letters. We'll have breakfast at seven sharp, for we want to look around Rome a little before we start."

QUESTIONS

Describe "running the gauntlet."

What traits in the Indian character are illustrated by King Hendrick's dream?

In the Revolutionary War, who were the Tories?

Find out something about canal-locks and how they are used.

Tell in your own words the story of the Bear maiden and her lovers.

Find on a map: Johnstown; Cherry Valley; the Susquehanna (sŭs kwē hăn'nă); Green Bay; On tār'ĭ ŏ (the Mohawks settled along Grand River); Cō hōes'; Lake Ot sē'gō; Cooperstown; the Ad ī rŏn'dăcks.

Trace the course of the Erie Canal.

Find on a map where each of the Five Nations lived.

Where did the Delawares live?

Trace on a map the journey from Amsterdam to Rome.

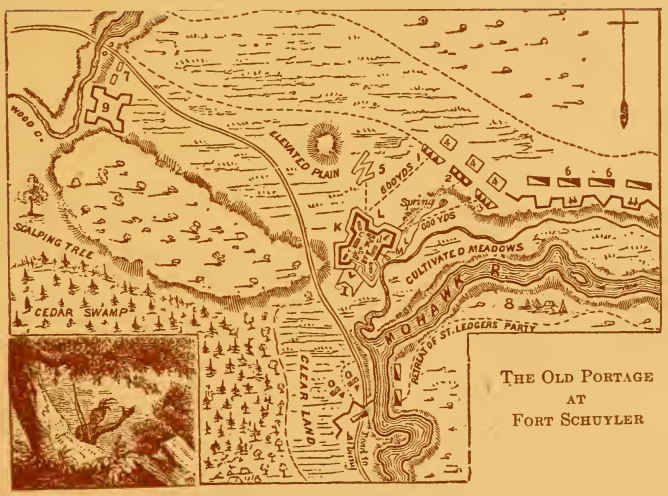
Some other proper names in this chapter are pronounced as follows:

Os sĕr nē'nŏn	René Goupil (ray nay' gōō pēēl')
On ŏn dă'găs	Couture (cōō tōōr')

Spell, pronounce, and explain the following words:

missionaries	gauntlet	tortured
confederation	martyr	accurate
palisades	nomadic	intelligent
confiscated	idealize	sachem
translated	barbarous	humane
dessert	legend	accidentally
symbolize	specie	

THE OLD PORTAGE



THE OLD PORTAGE
AT
FORT SCHUYLER

THE first note of the breakfast bell found James and Carrie ready to take their seats, and Major and Mrs. Woods came down the stairs just as the big door was opened.

"Well, children," asked Major Woods, "how much of the 'Pathfinder' did you read last night?"

"Only the first seven chapters, Uncle Jack," answered Carrie. "We were so sleepy we could hardly keep our eyes open."

"Anyway," added James, "we saw Mabel safely into her father's arms at Oswego."

"Good!" said the Major. "If nothing happens we'll be in Oswego long before night."

When they had finished breakfast, the Major drew from his pocket a small map of the portage at Fort Schuyler as it was just before the Revolution.

"See," he said, "this is Fort Schuyler here close to the Mohawk. Across the 'elevated plain' runs the Albany road. The fort marked '9' was Fort Newport, a sort of advance post, to keep boats from getting up to the portage on the east. Now where do you suppose the portage itself was?"

"Why, I think it must have run across this little field with the trees in it," said James, "from that crook in Wood Creek to the mouth of the little stream that runs under the walls of Fort Schuyler. That would be the shortest way."

"Yes, that was the portage, and in 1797 they dug a canal across there. You see it was only about a mile."

"Uncle Jack," said Carrie, "I thought this was Fort Stanwix."

"You are right. It was Fort Stanwix in colonial times. But before the Revolution began the fort was in ruins, and when they rebuilt it, they called it Fort Schuyler."

"Oh horrors!" said Mrs. Woods, "look at that hideous Indian peering from behind that tree."

"He looks just like Chingachgook," said James. "Don't you remember, Carrie, how Cooper talks of 'his closely shaved head, on which no other hair than the

well-known and chivalrous scalping-tuft was preserved?' "

"Why 'chivalrous', James?" asked Mrs. Woods.

"Because this scalp-lock made it easier for your enemy to tear your scalp off after he had killed you."

"That's a very queer idea of chivalry, I think."

"Well, well!" exclaimed the Major, starting up. "Are you all ready? The carriage will be here in a few minutes."

When Major Woods had paid their bill in nice crisp greenbacks, the host turned to James and Carrie and gave each of them one of the slips of Continental currency they had been so interested in the night before.

"I don't think you'd better try to pay any bills with them," he said, "but if you keep them they'll recall some of the things you have learned from your trip."

"Thank you! thank you!" said the children together. Then, as they went out to the carriage, James said:

"I got fifty dollars, Carrie. How much did you get?"

"Oh, I beat you, for mine is sixty-five dollars!"

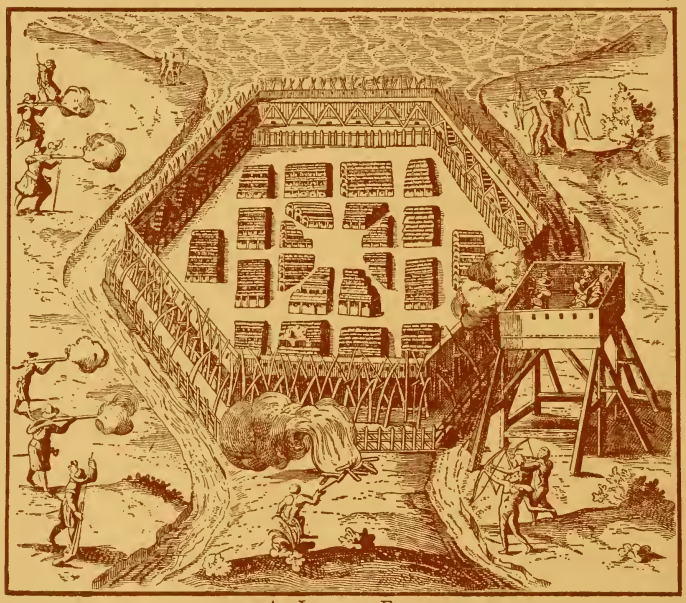
ON LAKE ONEIDA

As they started on their two-hour drive to Sylvan Beach, Major Woods said:

"Of course, if we had an automobile we could easily make this trip in less than an hour. But the weather is fine, the country is pretty, and we'll be in plenty of time for the boat. Besides, I do like to ride behind a good team of horses, and these fellows are going to do very nicely."

The drive in the fresh morning air was delightful,

though the broad highway and the well-tilled fields did not look much like the scene which must have met the eyes of Charles Cap and his niece as they turned their faces toward the long miles of Indian-haunted forest between Fort Stanwix and Oswego. But when they



An Iroquois Fort

were on board and the fussy little steamer was chugging along on the open stretch of Lake Oneida, the children could now and then imagine how it must have looked when there were no white men along its banks.

"Jimmie," asked Carrie, "do you suppose they kept close to shore in their canoe, or did they go right out in the middle?"

"Well," answered James reflectively, "I should think they'd stay close to this north shore, because they could keep in the shade most of the time, and go nearly in a straight line to the outlet."

"Yes, I suppose they would. Besides, they wouldn't be much afraid of Indians so near the fort."

Presently Major Woods said to them: "You remember, children, that Champlain once came across Lake Ontario and up into the wilderness here to attack the Iroquois. We don't know certainly just where he came up, but he probably came into the mouth of the Oswego River. Perhaps he came up to Lake Oneida, perhaps he went the other way to Lake Onondaga. At any rate, somewhere in this region he and the Hurons came upon an Iroquois fort and attacked it. Champlain made a drawing of it, which I copied because it shows how much farther advanced the Iroquois were than the more savage Indians of the West. See, they had a regular stockade that was proof even against the firearms of the white man. Of course, if white men had been building such a defense, they would have put projecting towers at the corners so that without exposing themselves they could shoot anyone who managed to get close up to the walls."

"But, Uncle Jack," said James, "look at all those sharp stakes outside the walls."

"Yes, I see. But an enemy might get past them, and if his friends could keep the defenders from leaning over the top of the wall, he could set fire to the logs, or even chop a hole in them.

"Do you see that box on stilts in the lower right-hand corner? The Indians built that under Champlain's

direction and then as many as could take hold carried it as close to the walls as they could get. I think Champlain might have taken the fort, but he couldn't get the Hurons to fight after his fashion. The only result was to make the Iroquois the bitter enemies of the French, and ready to make friends with the English when they came. It likewise prevented any French settlements on the south shore of Lake Ontario.

"You know," he continued, "the Iroquois guarded their territory very jealously, and drove out all who invaded their 'Long House.' 'The Long House of the Iroquois' was their name for the whole stretch of country between Lake Ontario and the Hudson, and was their poetical way of saying that the entire region was their dwelling-place. The Onondagas, because they lived in the middle, between the Cayugas and Senecas on the west and the Oneidas and Mohawks on the east, were the 'keepers of the Council Fire of the Five Nations.' After Sir William Johnson came, the English were welcome in the 'Long House' and at the Council Fire, but the French never."

When the steamer reached Brewerton, Major Woods managed, after some inquiries, to hire a trim little motor-boat to take them down the Oneida River to Three River Point. As they left the landing and passed first under the wagon bridge and then under the railroad bridge, Carrie and James grew more and more excited.

"Oh," said Carrie, "I do wish Cooper had told us just where Mabel and her uncle climbed the windrow."

"We can't even tell which side of the river it was on. It might have been over there, or down there,"

and James pointed to a low hill on the left bank and then to a similar one on the right bank some distance in front of them.

As they neared Three River Point, James said:

"My! I wish we could go over the falls the way Hawkeye and Jasper did!"

"What! and leave me standing like Mabel on a rock and wondering if I'd ever see you alive again? I wouldn't let you go!"

INDIAN CORN

Just then the boat slowed down and turned in to the landing. While the Major, and James and the man were taking their suitcases to the station, Mrs. Woods and Carrie walked up and down.

"Why do they call this place Three River Point?" asked Mrs. Woods.

"Because," answered Carrie, "it is where the Oneida and the Seneca join to form the Oswego."

When the men came back, they all went across the river and ate their lunch on a shady bank near the water.

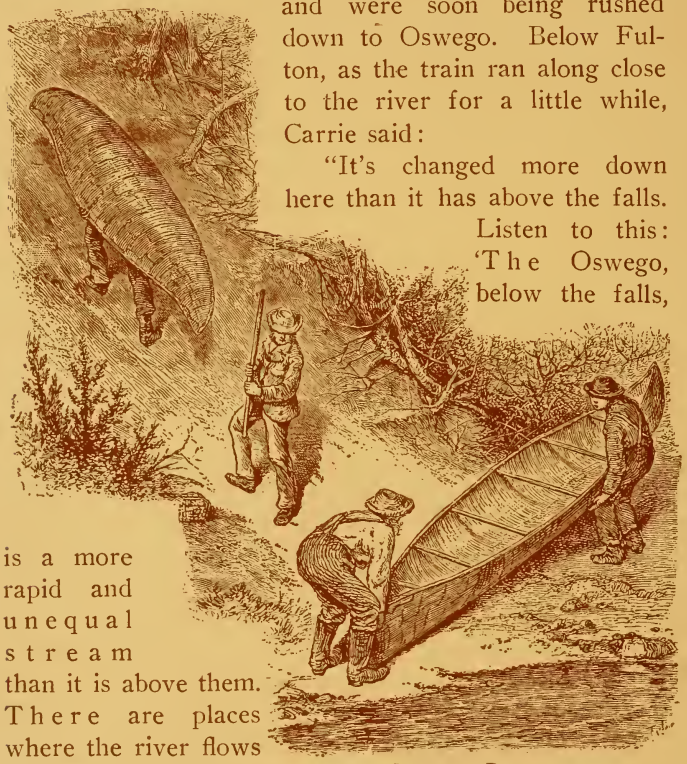
"Carrie, what is it Cooper says about the Oswego?" asked James.

"Let me see. Oh yes, here it is: 'A deep dark stream of no great width, its still, gloomy-looking current winding . . . among overhanging trees which, in particular spots, almost shut out the light of the heavens.' It's certainly changed a lot, hasn't it?"

"Yes, it has. But still I think I can get some idea of how it used to look."

By the time they were through their meal it was nearly train time, so they hurried back to the station, and were soon being rushed down to Oswego. Below Fulton, as the train ran along close to the river for a little while, Carrie said:

"It's changed more down here than it has above the falls. Listen to this: 'The Oswego, below the falls, is a more rapid and unequal stream than it is above them. There are places where the river flows in the quiet stillness of deep water, but many shoals and rapids occur.'"



Making a Portage

"Well," said James, "I don't think Hawkeye would have much fun matching his wits against the Indians along here nowadays. Look at those cornfields."

"This seems always to have been a good corn country," remarked Major Woods. "When Champlain came here he said he found fields of corn, with beans, squashes and pumpkins. You see, corn must always have been an easy crop for the Indians to have. They didn't have to chop down trees and clear the land. They needed only to girdle the trees and kill them, so that the leaves would fall and let in the sunshine. Then they scratched little holes, dropped in a few grains, and covered them up. Nature did the rest.

"Corn has many advantages over wheat. The tender stalks are sweet, and the green ears, when the milk is in the kernels, are delicious boiled or roasted. The ears do not have to be harvested as soon as they are ripe, but may hang upon the stalks for several weeks. And corn doesn't have to be threshed or winnowed. The Indians would strip the husks from the ears without breaking them off, and plait the husks so as to tie the ears together in clusters. One early visitor here said the Iroquois hung the corn along the walls of their houses in festoons."

"Why," said Carrie, "our gardener hangs up his seed corn that way. Did he learn that from the Indians?"

"Probably he didn't, but the knowledge came from them originally. Then the Indians taught the pale-faces to weave the husks into rugs and baskets. The little Indian girls made dolls of cornhusks, too. And the Indians had husking-bees, when the whole village would gather. Whoever found a red ear could make each of the others put two yellow ears on his pile. I used to go to husking-bees when I was a boy, and we had much the

same custom. Now I think of it, it was the Indians who taught the white men to use husking-pegs."

"What are they, Uncle Jack?" asked James.

"Of course you wouldn't know, because you are a city boy. A husking-peg is a sharp-pointed piece of wood, usually hickory, about four inches long, with a leather thong that slips over two fingers. It is used to cut through the top of the husk so that you can strip it off of the ear more easily."

"Did you ever hear the Onondaga legend of the corn-youth and his bride?" asked Mrs. Woods.

"No; please tell us, Aunt Lucy."

"The corn was a tall, slender youth, with long flowing robes of dark green, and tasseled plumes, and he stood out in the field all day and sang: 'Say it, say it, some one I will marry!' At length there came a maiden in a soft green mantle adorned with beautiful yellow bells. She came boldly up to the youth and said: 'I will marry you.' The youth looked at her for a long time, but at last he turned away from her and said: 'No, no, you are not the one for me. You wander from home too much, and you run over the ground so fast that I can't keep by your side.' So the pumpkin-maiden went sorrowfully away, and as she went the wind brought to her the refrain of the corn-youth's song: 'Say it, say it, some one I will marry!'

"After a time there came another maiden. This one was tall and slender, like the corn-youth, and she was adorned with clusters of flowers and gracefully dangling leaves. As soon as the corn-youth saw her he ran to meet her and they embraced. And to this day in the

Indian's cornfield the corn and the beans are inseparable. Even in death they are not divided, for the Indians cook corn and beans together and call the dish succotash. Isn't that a pretty legend?"

OSWEGO

"Oswego!" said Carrie, half to herself, "why, that's where the corn-starch comes from!"

"Yes," answered her uncle, "and why not? We are going through a splendid corn country. James, can you figure out why the mills should be at Oswego instead of on Lake Oneida or at Rome?"

"I suppose because they have water power from the falls."

"Yes, but there is water power at Oswego Falls, too. Why not have the starch mills there?"

"Oh, I see. Because Oswego is on the lake where there is deep water for boats."

"Correct. And that is one reason, too, why Governor Burnet established his trading post at the mouth of the river. Let me show you a picture of Oswego in 1755. I found it in an old 'History of New York' which was published in 1757."

"Why," cried Carrie, "that is the very time when Cooper has Mabel come there. I wonder if Cooper's description fits the picture? Here it is. Just listen to this: 'The Oswego threw its dark waters into the lake between banks of some height, that on its eastern shore being bolder and projecting farther than that on its western. The fort was on the latter and immediately beneath it were a few huts of logs.'"

"That's it exactly," said James, who was looking at the picture. "Go on."

" 'Two low curved gravelly points had been formed with surprising regularity by the counteracting forces of the northerly winds and the swift current, and, inclining from the storms of the lake, formed two coves within the river; that on the western side was the most deeply

Oswego in 1755

indented; and, as it had also the most water, it formed a sort of picturesque little port for the post.' "

"Yes," said Major Woods, when Carrie had finished, "Cooper's description fits the picture to a T. But I'm afraid you'll find many changes. The rows of tents on this side of the fort are the encampment of the forces of Governor Shirley of Massachusetts. He directed the rebuilding of the fort in the picture and the construction of another, called Fort Ontario, on the high ground across the river. The next year Montcalm captured both forts, but sailed away down the lake without trying to keep possession. The British soon came back and re-occupied Fort Ontario, which they kept until after the

Revolution. Late in the War of 1812, a British fleet captured the fort from the Americans, but soon gave it up again. So you see there has been a good deal of fighting around here.

"Instead of the tiny frontier fort of 1755 you'll see a city of about 25,000 people, and instead of the tiny harbor in the river there is a good-sized inner harbor and a huge outer one, and the vessels that come in there would make the 'Scud' and the 'Squirrel' of the 'Pathfinder' look like canoes.

"Instead of the coves, you will see an immense new lock, one of the triumphs of American engineering, for the people of Oswego are determined to show that the Indians in their canoes found what is still the best water route from the Great Lakes to the Hudson."

At Oswego, Major Woods took them at once to the hotel. The children were delighted to find that from their windows they could look over the town and down upon Fort Ontario, the mouth of the river, and the harbor.

"Yes, the coves are gone, Jimmie," cried Carrie. "But that's a fine outer harbor, isn't it?"

"Isn't it, though? I wonder if any of those sailboats are built like Jasper Western's 'Scud'?"

In a few minutes Major Woods came in, beaming. "I've just met an old friend in the lobby," he said, "Commodore Johnston of Cleveland. He has brought his steam yacht down through the Welland Canal, and is on his way to the Maine coast. What's more, he leaves for Sackett's Harbor tonight at eight o'clock, and has invited us all to go with him."

"Oh! what fun!" cried Carrie. As for James, he gave a whoop that would have done credit to a redskin, and seizing Carrie, whirled her around until both sank almost breathless on the sofa.

"Well, well!" said the Major, "if you youngsters can settle down again, we'll go over to the river before dinner and take a look at the new locks."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who were the Continentals?

Take a ruler and find out from the scale which is printed on your map how many miles make an inch. Then measure Lake Oneida. How many inches long is it? how many miles long?

What did the Iroquois mean by their 'Long House'?

Cooper says, at the beginning of the 'Pathfinder': "Four persons... had managed to ascend a pile of trees, that had been uptorn by a tempest, to catch a view of the objects that surrounded them. It is still the practice of the country to call these spots wind-rows... The vast trunks which had been broken and driven by the force of the gust lay blended like jackstraws; while their branches, still exhaling the fragrance of withering leaves, were interlaced in a manner to afford sufficient support to the hands."

Tell in your own words the story of the Corn-youth.

Trace the journey from Rome to Oswego. How far did they travel?

Spell, pronounce, and explain the following words:

portage	chivalrous	currency
haunted	projecting	poetical
shoals	rapids	particular
girdle	winnow	festoons
succotash	originally	regularity
inclining	indented	counteracting
route	determined	engineering
yacht	seizing	exhaled

AT dinner, to James's great delight, they had roast pork.

"Carrie," he whispered, "do you remember Uncle Cap's experience at Oswego?"

"What one do you mean?"

"The Sergeant said to him: 'I hope that bit of a cold roasted pig is to your mind; you seem to fancy the food.' 'Ay, ay; give me civilized grub, if I must eat.' Then the Pathfinder laughed at him and asked: 'Don't you miss the skin, Master Cap? Don't you miss the skin?' 'It would have been better for its jacket,' he answered, 'but I suppose it is a fashion of the woods to serve up shoats in this style.' 'If you had had the skinning of that pig, Master Cap,' Pathfinder answered, 'it would have left you sore hands. The cratur' is a hedgehog!'"

"You horrid boy!"

As soon as they were through, the Woods made their way to the dock, where a launch was waiting to take them to the yacht which lay in the outer harbor, steam up, and ready to start. As they drew near enough to read the name upon its bow, Carrie fairly screamed: "Why, it's the 'Scud'! That was the name of Jasper Western's cutter!"

Commodore Johnston met them at the gangway, and before they could get to their staterooms and find their

sweaters, the yacht was under way. Just as they passed the breakwater another vessel came swiftly in, and as it neared them, the children both gasped, for on its bow they read 'Squirrel.'

"Now," said James, "if we can only see the 'Montcalm,' we'll be sure we are on Jasper's cutter."

Everyone stayed on deck as long as the lights of Oswego were in sight, then went down to the cabin, for a breeze had come up and the air was chilly. In the cabin, the children fell to examining a map of Lake Ontario, and tried to trace the course of Jasper Western's vessel when it took the squad of soldiers down to the British post in the Thousand Islands.

"They came within sight of Fort Niagara once," said James, "and then went clear down to Lost Channel in the Thousand Islands. Why, they must have gone the whole length of the lake. I wonder how long it is?"

"We can measure it, can't we? Here's a piece of paper."

"Well, I declare. It's nearly two hundred miles long."

"See how wide it is, James."

"Here at the widest part it is over fifty miles across."

"My!" said Carrie, "it's lots bigger than Lake Oneida or Lake Champlain, isn't it?"

"I should say it was. Let's see what the geography says about it. Here it is. Why, it is the smallest of the Great Lakes."

"See here, Jim," said Carrie, who was looking over his shoulder, "this says there are four lakes up in Canada which are bigger than Lake Ontario."

"Well, it's big enough, anyway. Let's peek out and see if we are out of sight of land."

So they went on deck again, but not a sign of land could they see, although the moon was nearly full and the sky cloudless.

"Ugh!" said Carrie, after a minute or two, "it's more cheerful inside." When they were in the brightly lighted cabin again, they read some chapters of the 'Pathfinder,' and then went to their staterooms, to sleep as soundly as if they were in their own beds at home.

SACKETTS HARBOR

The next morning James and Carrie were on deck bright and early, and as they came around Navy Point into Sacketts Harbor, there was a big boat just leaving. With a glass they made out its name, 'Montcalm.'

"Is it flying the French flag, James?"

"No, it's the Union Jack. I suppose the British must have captured her."

While they were still watching it, Major Woods came up to them, and told them that the 'Scud' would stop only long enough to see if there were any telegrams for Commodore Johnston, and then it would take them on to Clayton where they could get a steamer across to Kingston.

"What a fine place for a harbor, Uncle Jack," said James.

"Yes, it is a fine harbor, but it is on the wrong side of the lake to be very important except in war times. You see, it is out of the way for vessels bound down the St. Lawrence, and has but little commerce flowing

through it from the region back of it. It was fortified first at the beginning of the War of 1812. Once the British tried to capture two vessels that were in the harbor, but the forts protected them. Later General Zebulon Pike, for whom Pike's Peak is named, started from here with a force which captured Toronto, then called York. General Pike was fatally wounded and was brought back here to be buried. After he had gone away with his troops, the British besieged the place with an army and a fleet, but could not capture it.

"Come into the cabin. We'll have time to look at the map before breakfast. Here," said the Major, when they had the map before them, "is Sacketts Harbor, and over here is Kingston, on the site of old Fort Frontenac. Fort Frontenac was established in 1673, but Sacketts Harbor wasn't settled until 1801. James, can you see why the French put their fort on the Canada side instead of over here?"

"Yes, I think so. It's because it's right where the St. Lawrence runs out of Lake Ontario. Sacketts Harbor wouldn't be so convenient."

"Right. Besides, when Fort Frontenac was built, all travel up here was by canoes, and Sacketts Harbor would have been a hard day's journey farther on, without any advantages."

"Then, Uncle Jack," said Carrie, "weren't the French safer from the Iroquois on the Canada side?"

"Yes. At Frontenac they were among their friends the Hurons."

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

Just then they were called to breakfast, and by the time they were through, the 'Scud' was well on its way to the channel which leads to Clayton.

"Are there really a thousand islands, Uncle Jack?" asked Carrie. "You know the Pathfinder said: 'My eyes are good, and yet I have often been foiled in trying to count them.'"

"Yes, they say there are actually about seventeen hundred islands, big and little."

"How many of them are we going to see, Uncle Jack?" asked James.

"I don't know. If we catch the right boat, we may see half of them."

At Clayton, our party thanked Commodore Johnston for his hospitality and wished him a safe and pleasant voyage down the St. Lawrence. As the 'Scud' went swiftly off toward Frontenac Island, they waved farewell and admired the grace of her lines and the spotless white of her hull.

"My! how she goes!" said James, "they've given her the right name, haven't they?"

Almost before they realized it, mealtime had come again, but James and Carrie could hardly eat, they were so anxious to be off. When the excursion steamer glided gently up to the dock, the children were the first to go aboard, and hurried to the upper deck. With a map before them, they traced the steamer's devious route to Kingston, and each tried to be the first to guess which way the vessel would turn next.

"Jim," said Carrie, as they passed an especially splendid summer home, with wide verandas, a lofty tower, and a boathouse in which they saw a launch big enough to carry twenty people, "that's very fine, but I believe I'd rather live on one of those little islands in a

In Lost Channel

cottage, and have a motor-boat just about big enough for four people. Wouldn't you?"

"Indeed I would!" answered James. "But look! How are we ever going to get through this crooked channel?" And they almost held their breath as the steamer nosed her way carefully through an intricate passage. "What is it called, I wonder?"

"Here it is: 'Quite-a-Hard-Turn' the map says. That's a good name for it, isn't it?"

Landon's Rift, the two Needle's Eyes, the big and the little, and the Fiddler's Elbow, each called forth more exclamations, and soon they were in Lost Channel.

"I don't wonder the British were able to hide in here without being found by the French," said James, "but I don't see how Jasper ever found his way in and out."

"Do you think we'll be able to see the block-house?"

"No, of course not. That must have been burned down more than a hundred and fifty years ago. We can't even guess which island it was on."

OLD FORT FRONTENAC

They had left Lost Channel far behind when Major Woods came forward to the bow where the children were still sitting, silent now because the changing beauties of the scene had exhausted their power to comment on it.

"Before long now," he said, "we'll be in Kingston, a place almost as important in the history of French exploration in America as Quebec and Montreal. Look at your map a minute. Do you see that Kingston is just where the main channel of the St. Lawrence leaves Lake Ontario? It is also where the Rideau River and its lakes connect the Ottawa River and Lake Ontario. When the French first came up to Lake Ontario there was an old Indian village here called Cataraqui. In old maps I have even seen that name given to Lake Ontario itself. Then, in 1673, Count Louis Frontenac, the new Governor of New France, came this way, established a fort at the old Indian village and named it after himself."

"Why," interrupted Carrie, "didn't the French do that same thing at Montreal?"

"Yes. The Indian village of Hochelaga was there, just below where the Ottawa empties into the St. Lawrence. These are only more illustrations of the fact that the Indians had about as good a sense for convenient locations as the white men.

"Well, to go back to Fort Frontenac. As long as the French kept control of the region, this fort was their most important frontier station, for it was the real starting point of most of their expeditions to Lake Superior, to the Mississippi, and to the headwaters of the Ohio.

"In the summer of 1696," continued Major Woods, "Count Frontenac led an expedition from here which landed at the mouth of the Oswego, built a tiny stockade, and went up into the 'Long House of the Iroquois' as far as Lake Onondaga. But he was somehow afraid to attack the Indians and came back without accomplishing anything. Sixty years later, in the French and Indian War, Colonel Bradstreet started from Oswego with three vessels, appeared suddenly before Fort Frontenac, and took it without resistance. You can tell something of how important Fort Frontenac was to the French from the fact that besides large stores of provisions and ammunition, Bradstreet captured nine armed vessels and forty cannon."

While he was still speaking, the steamer ran between Cedar Island and Fort Henry, and Carrie exclaimed:

"Oh, see that funny old tower on that island!"

"Yes, that is an old bomb-proof tower which the French built. When we come to the harbor you will

see more of them. See, there is one right out in the water."

"My, but Kingston is beautiful from here, isn't it?" said Carrie, as the steamer turned into the harbor.

"Yes, it is," answered James, "but it's like all the other places we've seen this trip, so modern that it's hard to believe it ever was a frontier station with forests all around, and Indian canoes the only vessels to be seen."

At Kingston, Major Woods hired an open carriage, and they spent the rest of the afternoon driving around the town. They saw the old fort, the two cathedrals, the Orphans' Home, and the Royal Military College, where they watched a dress parade. Then, tired and hungry, they drove to the hotel for dinner before taking the night boat to Charlotte and Rochester.

BOMB-PROOF TOWER

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Uncle Cap was the uncle of Mabel Dunham, the heroine of the 'Pathfinder.'

With a ruler measure Lake Ontario. How many inches long is it? how many miles? How many inches wide is it? how many miles? Between what points is it widest?

Where is Toronto?

Trace the journey from Oswego to Kingston. How far is Kingston from Oswego? from Montreal? from Ottawa? from Sacketts Harbor?

The names of the two Indian villages mentioned in this chapter are pronounced as follows:

Cataraqui (căt ăr ak'wē) Hochelaga (hŏk ă lä'gah)

Spell, pronounce, and explain the following words:

experience	civilized	shoats
hedgehog	launch	cutter
gangway	stateroom	breakwater
convenient	commodore	hospitality
intricate	locations	accomplishing
resistance	cathedrals	

COMMERCE AND WATERPOWER

WHEN the steamer had left the lights of Kingston behind and was well out into the lake, where the force of the northerly wind was felt, it began to pitch and roll heavily, and our party found themselves most comfortable in their berths. By morning the wind had gone down, but the waves were still high, and the tossing waters looked dreary even in the bright sunshine. But Carrie and James proved to be good sailors and sought a dry spot on the upper deck whence they could already see the flags of the two summer resorts at the mouth of the Genesee River. As the boat carefully made her way into the river and went at reduced speed up the Charlotte, they were joined by their uncle and aunt.

"Good morning!" said Carrie, "we're going to have another fine day!"

"It certainly promises well," answered Major Woods. "Do you think you can wait until we get to Rochester for breakfast?"

"I can if we don't have to wait too long," answered James. "I *could* eat something right now!"

"Well, well, we shan't be long, for Rochester is only five miles farther."

At Rochester, after a hearty breakfast, the Major took them first to see the Genesee Falls, and then a half mile above them to where the Erie Canal crosses the river.

"Do you see, James," asked Major Woods, "that running the canal across country this way avoids lowering the boats down to the lake level and then hoisting them up again?"

"Yes, I see that," answered James, "but why then does Oswego expect boats to go there instead of this way?"

"There are two reasons. In the old days, when the canal took only small boats, the barges found a lake trip sometimes dangerous. But now that the canal has been deepened so as to carry boats with a draft of ten or eleven feet, the barges, many of which are propelled by their own power, are big enough to be seaworthy.

"The other reason is a question of time. In a canal, boats must travel slowly, so as not to throw up a 'wash' that will injure the banks. Now, if these boats can make a hundred miles or so of their journey on the lake, they may travel as fast as they please and are not delayed in passing other boats, as they would be on a narrow canal. Again, the deepening of the canal reduces the number of locks necessary to raise or lower the level a given number of feet, and the modern locks are filled and emptied so much faster than the old ones that the barges really lose no time in getting down to the lake level and back again."

"Uncle Jack," asked Carrie, "why didn't Rochester grow up on the lake the way Oswego did?"

"Can't you figure it out?"

"I think I know," said James.

"Well, why?"

"Because the Genesee Falls are so near the lake that

it was easier to deepen the river as far as the falls than to bring the water power down to the lake."

"Yes, that is true. And besides, after the Erie Canal was dug, Rochester had an outlet by water both to the Hudson and to Lake Erie."

"Uncle Jack," asked Carrie again, "why aren't there more big cities on Lake Ontario? There are lots of them on Lake Erie."

"Well, James, can't you work out an answer to that question, too?"

"I don't know, Uncle. I can see why Buffalo should be bigger than any city on Lake Ontario, because at Buffalo most of the commerce that comes down the upper lakes bound for New York has to be transferred to trains or canal boats."

"Why does it have to be transferred?"

"Because the boats can't get by Niagara Falls."

"But, Uncle Jack," said Carrie, "lake boats can go through the Welland Canal into Lake Ontario, can't they?"

"Well," answered James, "even then, they'd have to unload at Oswego, or else go on down the St. Lawrence and around by sea."

"Why shouldn't they, James?" asked his uncle.

"It would take so much longer."

"Yes, it must be nearly two thousand miles from Buffalo to New York that way, as compared with only about five hundred by the canal. Not very much commerce bound only for New York is likely to go that way. But the time will come when freight from the upper lakes that is bound for Europe will go down Lake

Ontario and the St. Lawrence, and straight on across the Atlantic, instead of going by way of New York."

"Why, Uncle?"

"Because it is a little nearer that way, and because cargoes that are put on vessels at Chicago or Duluth won't have to be touched until they are unloaded at the docks in Europe.

"But that is getting away from Carrie's question. Another reason why there are not so many large cities on Lake Ontario as on the other lakes is that the region on the Canada side (and in New York north of the Mohawk Valley) has many lakes, and not so much arable land as other sections, and has not yet developed great mineral deposits. The result is that it is thinly settled, and a small population does not send many products to market, and does not need many things shipped in. More than that the Ottawa River furnishes a natural highway for much of Ontario. As we shall see more clearly when we get over on to Lake Erie, large cities always grow up at points where products can be most conveniently manufactured or distributed.

"Now, I think we'll go to Niagara Falls by way of Lockport, because I want you to see why the Falls have been such a great barrier to commerce."

THE NIAGARA PLATEAU

When they reached Lockport, Major Woods said to them:

"Now, if we could go up in a balloon a thousand feet or so, we could see that Lake Erie lies in a great plain nearly three hundred feet higher than Lake Ontario.

The eastern edge of it is somewhat worn off, but it runs from here north to Lewiston on the Niagara River, and over into Canada. Just here, the drop is only about sixty feet, though you must remember that we are a good ways above the level of Lake Ontario here. Where did we get so far above the lake?"

"At Rochester."

"Yes; we climbed up there above the Genesee Falls. When we get to Lewiston, we'll be at the foot of the cliffs that mark the edge of this plateau."

Before long the train reached Niagara Falls, and Major Woods took them at once to the trolley and they went down to Lewiston along the top of the cliff. As they went, Major Woods pointed out the various points of interest which they were to look at more closely when they came back up the gorge. From Lewiston they went on down to the mouth of the river.

"The French established posts here," said the Major, "at least three different times in the seventeenth century, first in 1675, while Frontenac was Governor of New France. But the first one to be called Fort Niagara was built about 1725 by Charles le Moyne. You remember that was about the time when Governor Burnet established his trading post at Oswego. In 1756 the fort was rebuilt and enlarged by the French, only to be captured in 1759 by Sir William Johnson. He brought a force from Oswego and besieged the fort for sixteen days before he took it. I have no picture of the place at that time, but here is a view of it from an engraving published during the War of 1812.

"Can you see why the French chose to have their

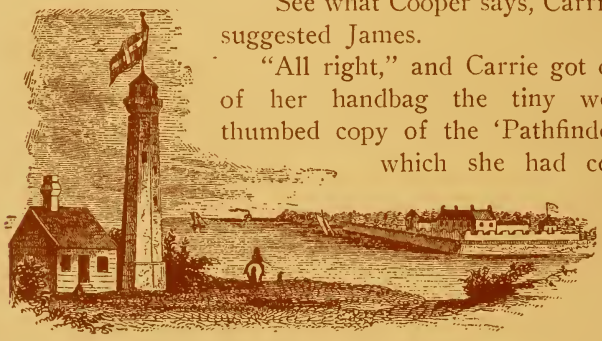
post here instead of at the other end of the river on Lake Erie?"

"Because," answered James, "even if they had a post on Lake Erie, they'd have to have some sort of defence here to protect their supplies when they brought them up from Fort Frontenac."

"Oh," said Carrie, who had been looking at the picture, "I wonder if that is the way it looked when Jasper Western came up here in the 'Scud?'"

"See what Cooper says, Carrie," suggested James.

"All right," and Carrie got out of her handbag the tiny well-thumbed copy of the 'Pathfinder,' which she had con-



Old Fort Niagara

sulted so often in the last three days. "Here it is: 'Suddenly an opening appeared ahead, and then the massive walls of a chateau-looking house, with outworks, bastions, blockhouses, and palisadoes, frowned on a headland that bordered the outlet of a broad stream. Just as the fort became visible, a little cloud rose over it, and the white ensign of France was seen fluttering from a lofty flagstaff.'"

"That's it, all but the lighthouse," cried James.

"The lighthouse came later," added Major Woods, "after the English got control of the lake, and vessels feared no enemies but the elements."

"What's that building over there?" asked James, pointing to a low round building of stone on the Canada side.

"That's Fort Massasauga," answered the Major. "The English built that in 1814. It is really a stone blockhouse."

"Was there any fighting here in the Revolution?" asked James.

"No. It was still a frontier post. The Tories made it the headquarters for raids on western New York, and after the war the British surrendered it to the United States. But there were several battles in this neighborhood during the War of 1812.

"Now, if you have seen enough here, we'd better be getting back."

THE "THUNDER OF THE WATERS"

When they had started up the river toward Lewiston again, the roar of the falls fell more loudly upon their ears, and Carrie once more got out her copy of the 'Pathfinder' and read:

"Cooper says, 'A dull, distant, heavy roar came down through the opening in the banks, swelling on the currents of the air, like the deeper notes of some immense organ, and occasionally seeming to cause the earth itself to tremble. "That sounds like the surf on some long unbroken coast!" exclaimed Cap. . . . "Ay, that is such surf as we have in this quarter of the world," Path-

finder answered. . . . "That is old Niagara that you hear, or this noble stream tumbling down a mountain." ' That's a pretty good description, isn't it? — What does 'Niagara' mean, Uncle?"

"They say it means the 'Thunder of the Waters.' "

"Who discovered Niagara?" asked James.

Father Hennepin at Niagara

"Father Hennepin is the first white man who is known to have seen the falls," answered Major Woods. "He came here in December, 1678. But it is quite possible that Etienne Brulé, Champlain's interpreter, was here sixty years earlier."

"You have just been reading the description of the Falls that Cooper puts into the mouth of Hawkeye; per-

haps you would like to hear Father Hennepin's. Of course he wrote in French, but in 1698, Tonson, a famous London bookseller, published a translation, and I have a copy of that. You can see that it is rather old, for the spelling is not quite like that of today, and a good many words begin with capitals. Hennepin wrote: 'Betwixt the Lakes Ontario and Erie, there is a vast and prodigious Cadence of Water which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner, insomuch that the Universe does not afford its Parallel. At the foot of this horrible Precipice, we meet the River Niagara, which is not above half a quarter of a League broad, but is wonderfully deep in some places. It is so rapid above this Descent, that it violently hurries down the wild Beasts while endeavouring to pass it to feed on the other side, they not being able to withstand the force of its Current, which inevitably casts them down headlong above six hundred foot.'"

"Why! are the Falls that high?" asked James.

"Oh, no. Father Hennepin was a good deal given to exaggeration. The Horseshoe Fall is really only 155 feet high, and the American Fall is 162 feet. But let me finish reading. Father Hennepin goes on: 'This wonderful Downfall is compounded of two great Cross-streams of Water, and two Falls, with an Isle sloping along the middle of it. The Waters which fall from this vast height, do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous Noise, more terrible than Thunder; for when the Wind blows from off the South, their dismal roaring may be heard above fifteen Leagues off.' Really, you see, his account is

fairly accurate. He also made the first sketch of the Falls, a crude drawing, not very exact in proportions, but clear enough to show that they haven't changed so very greatly in the last 250 years."

At Lewiston, the party again took the trolley, and went up through the gorge. The scene was too thrilling

NIAGARA FALLS

and impressive for speech, and they were all silent until the car brought them up once more to the top of the plateau. They left the car again on the Canadian side opposite the falls, and stood a long time watching the water pour over the crest, and the 'Maid of the Mist' far below them creeping, as it seemed, to the very foot of the cataract.

"What makes the Horseshoe Fall curved and the American Fall straight, Uncle Jack?" asked Carrie.

"I don't know," answered the Major. "Perhaps the geologists could tell. But the Indians had a legend to account for it. According to their myth, Heno, the Thunderer, with his two assistant thunderers, lived in a great cave under the Falls, which were once straight instead of curved. Now, it happened long ages ago that a maiden who belonged to a tribe living in a village at the mouth of Cayuga Creek, was betrothed by her parents to an old man. He was rich and powerful, but had an ugly face and a mean, hateful disposition. The maiden could not bear the idea of marrying this old man, but she knew she could escape only by death. She thought death better than such a life, so one dark, cloudy day she paddled her canoe out into the river, and let the swift current carry her down. Her kinsman and friends called to her to save herself, and some of the more daring ones even started after her, but she sat perfectly still, and they watched her while she was swept over the brink of the precipice. To their surprise, they saw an empty canoe ride down the cataract, but the maiden had disappeared.

"What had happened was this: Heno and his two assistants, who had been watching too, caught her in a blanket and carried her to their home behind the Falls. One of the assistants fell in love with her and finally married her.

"The legend further tells that the people of her village had for years been troubled by an annual pestilence, which filled their graveyard and kept the village in almost continual mourning. Now, after the maiden had lived under the Falls for nearly a year, Heno told her what

caused the pestilence, and sent her back to her people to warn and save them. It seems that under the village there lived a serpent who made his annual meal upon the bodies of those who had died during the year. Since he was a greedy serpent, he managed to insure a plentiful supply of bodies by poisoning the waters of Cayuga Creek and of the Niagara River.

"The maiden told her people about the serpent and explained that Heno had said they must move their village over to Buffalo Creek. They did so, and the serpent, hearing no sounds and seeing no more bodies brought to the burial ground, raised his great head above the waters and looked about him. He saw no people, but he found their trail, and in a rage followed the people up the river, into the lake, and up Buffalo Creek. But Heno was waiting for him, and when he got into the shallow waters of Buffalo Creek killed him with a thunderbolt.

"The serpent's body floated down the river and lodged on the verge of the cataract on the Canadian side. A part of the huge body arched back in a semi-circle, and the waters, thus dammed up, finally broke through the rock behind the body and formed the Horseshoe Fall. Don't you think that's a very plausible explanation of how one fall happens to be straight and the other curved?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Carrie, "but what became of the Thunderer?"

"Oh, his home was entirely destroyed, as well as the passageway which used to lead clear across the river

under the Falls. That is why you can now only go a little ways behind them."

"Where did Heno go then?" asked James.

"The Indians say that after that he made his home in the West. I suppose they say that because thunderstorms so often come late in the afternoon.

"Now, we'll get a carriage and go over to Goat Island."

After going back to the American side, they drove all around the park, and, after making the circuit of Goat Island, sat where they could see the Falls, and looked, and talked, and looked again.

"Well," said Carrie at last, "it does grow on you, doesn't it? It seems lots more impressive than it did at first. I was really disappointed at my first glimpse of the falls when we started down to Lewiston."

"Yes," answered the Major. "I have seen them many times, and each time they seem more wonderful to me."

"How old are the falls, Uncle Jack?" asked James.

"The geologists don't agree, except that they have been many thousands of years in cutting their way back to where they are now. You see they have dug out all those miles of gorge that we came up through."

"Then some day they'll be clear back at Buffalo?"

"Probably. But that won't happen for some hundreds of years yet, at their present rate. They won't change much in our time, though some people are worried for fear the power companies will take enough water to spoil them.

"Those power companies," he added, after a pause, "which now furnish electric current to light the streets

and run the dynamos of places so far away as Rochester and Toronto, may yet do something hardly dreamed of. You children may live to see some of the power of this tremendous flood of water, falling so many feet, used to raise and lower great boats from one lake to the other. In that case, this cataract, which for over two hundred years has been the great barrier to free water communication, will be made to surmount its own obstacle. Then bigger boats than any now on the lakes will steam from Chicago to the sea as easily as if Lake Erie and Lake Ontario were on the same level. Won't that seem marvelous?"

"Aunt Lucy, why don't you talk?" asked Carrie.

"I don't want to talk, my dear. It's all too wonderful. I was thinking just now of some lines I read the other day:

> 'It would seem
> As if God poured thee from his 'hollow hand,'
> And hung his bow upon thine awful front,
> And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
> Who dwelt in Patmos for his Savior's sake,
> 'The sound of many waters,' and had bade
> The flood to chronicle the ages back,
> And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.'"

"I like that!" said James. "Who wrote it, Aunt Lucy?"

"It is a part of a poem written by a man named Brainerd, a great many years ago. The wonderful thing about it is that the poet had never seen the Falls."

At last Major Woods started to his feet. "Well, well," he said, "we must be moving. Milton will get into Buffalo long before we do, if we don't look out.

So take one last look for this time, and then we must go."

At Buffalo, a taxicab whirled them up to the entrance of the Lafayette Hotel, and as they went into the lobby a tall, bronzed young man strode toward them.

"Well, Aunt Lucy!" he cried, "I'm surely glad to see you again! And here are Jim and Carrie! How are you, Uncle Jack?"

"First rate, Milton Avery," answered the Major, "but your letter certainly hurried us up. Don't you know, young man, that we are traveling for pleasure, and ought not to be made to rush by places where we wanted to linger?"

"I'm sorry, Uncle Jack, but I have to go on to Quebec in the morning, and I didn't want to miss you altogether. You see, they told me in Chicago about your plans."

"Well, well! Let's get settled and go in to dinner. Then you can tell us all about Alaska."

THE COUNTRY OF THE HURONS.
Rr Severn
St Jean Baptiste
St Joseph
Scale of Miles
5
10
15
20
L. Nipissing
R. Ottawa
Quebec
Montreal
R. St Lawrence
L. Champlain
L. Simcoe
Oneidas
Mohawks

QUESTIONS

Trace the route from Kingston to Buffalo. How far is it in inches? in miles?

Measure the distance from Buffalo to New York by way of Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence River, and the sea; how far is it in inches? in miles? Measure also the distance by way of the Erie Canal and the Hudson River; how far is it in inches? in miles? How much shorter is it than the other route?

Some of the proper names in this chapter are pronounced as follows:

Massasauga (măs să saw'gah) Hĕn'nĕ pĭn
Etienne Brulé (ĕt yĕn' brōō lay')

Spell, pronounce, and explain the following words:

seaworthy	arable	manufactory
plateau	gorge	besieged
chateau	bastions	cataract
geologists	chronicle	precipice
prodigious	inevitably	exaggeration
imaginable	outrageous	betrothed
pestilence	plausible	verge

How many days has it taken our party to travel from Burlington, Vermont, to Buffalo? On what day of the week did they leave Burlington? How far have they traveled in a straight line? How far did they actually travel?

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